The Outlook

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A COURT OF ARBITRAL JUSTICE

A gathering of distinguished men in Cleveland, Ohio, week before last, devoted three days to considering the proposal for a permanent international court. The so-called Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague is neither permanent nor a court.

It is not permanent because a special court has to be summoned to consider every case. The Court is dissolved after settling the case before it. The Court thus lacks continuity. Judges are chosen from a panel or list submitted by the various countries of the world signatory to the Hague Treaty. To this list each signatory Power contributes as many as four members.

If the present institution is not permanent, neither is it a court in the real sense of that word, for the men serving as judges on it are often diplomats seeking a compromise and bound to negotiate a settlement, not judges with a judicial idea of impartiality—that is to say, with an eye single only to the facts in the case and passing without fear or favor upon questions of law.

This is not saying, however, that the present Court has not done good work. But good work is not always ideal work, and we should strive for the latter. Hence, in 1907, Elihu Root, Secretary of State, instructed the American delegates to the Second Hague Peace Conference to propose a reform. So successful were Mr. Root's proposals that the Conference adopted thirty-five articles concerning the organization, jurisdiction, and procedure of a Court of Arbitral Justice which is to go into effect as soon as the nations agree upon a particular method of appointing the judges.

These judges are to represent the various juridical systems of the world. They are to be capable of insuring continuity in jurisprudence of arbitration; they are to be jurisconsults of known competence in international law; they are to be appointed for terms of twelve years, and are to enjoy diplomatic privileges and immunities while exercising their functions; they are to receive a fixed yearly salary from the International Bureau created by the Hague Treaty (Convention I, Article XXII), but are not to receive other remuneration from their own or other governments.

In addition to insuring continuity, the new Court of Arbitral Justice would gradually establish precedents by which it is to be governed, and would thus help to build up international law precisely as our ordinary law is built up to-day by the decisions of the ordinary courts of justice.

As a matter of prestige, the new Court would doubtless in time win the respect and confidence of the people of the different countries of the world, just as the United States Supreme Court has won the respect and confidence of the people of the different States of the Union.

A WORLD COURT CONGRESS

The above plan was adopted by the forty-four States composing the Second Hague Conference in 1907; it was indorsed by the Institute of International Law in 1912; it has been exhaustively studied at four annual conferences of the American Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes; it has received the hearty support of the Powers and of publicists everywhere.

With a view to arousing the American public to the consciousness of the possibilities that lie in a true court of justice, Mr. John Hays Hammond, Mr. Theodore Marburg, and other men who have been at the head of the Society for the Judicial Settlement of International Disputes planned a Congress at Cleveland. It is this Congress that has just taken place. It was not under the auspices of any one society, but included representa-

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tives from many. It was distinctly not a stop-the-war movement, nor did it concern itself with the question of national defense. Its programme was limited to the one topic of promoting a true international court of justice. Among the many interesting speakers were ex-President Taft, Judge Alton B. Parker, Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks, President Garfield of Williams College, Professor Samuel T. Dutton, Rabbi Silverman, Mr. Bainbridge Colby, the Hon. William Dudley Foulke, and Dr. James Brown Scott, ex-Solictor of the Department of State.

MR. TAFT'S ADDRESS

As ex-President Taft's address struck the keynote of the Congress, we quote from it. He inquired:

Will not the exhaustion in which all the belligerents, whether victors or vanquished, find themselves after this awful sacrifice of life and wealth, make them wish to make the recurrence of such a war less probable? Will they not be in a mood to entertain any reasonable plan for the settlement of international disputes by peaceable means? Now can we not devise such a plan? I think we can.

To constitute an effective league of peace we do not need all the nations. Such an agreement between eight or nine of the Great Powers of Europe, Asia, and America would furnish a useful restraint upon possible war. The successful establishment of a peace league between the Great Powers would draw into it very quickly the less powerful nations.

What should be the fundamental plan of this league? First, of course, it ought to provide for the formation of such a court as is above outlined—a court to which would be given jurisdiction to consider and decide justiciable questions which have not yielded to negotiations.

In the second place, Mr. Taft would establish a commission of conciliation to consider all non-justiciable questions.

In the third place, conferences similar to the Hague Conferences should be held from time to time to agree upon principles of international law not already established.

In the fourth place, the members of the league should agree that if any one member should begin war against any other member without submitting its cause for war to the Arbitral Court if it is a justiciable question, or to the Commission of Conciliation if otherwise, all the remaining members of the league would unite to defend by force the member attacked. Such an agreement should have a salutary deterrent effect against plainly unjust war.

Of course membership in this league might involve us in an obligation to take part in wars waged on other continents, and hence would mark a departure from our traditional policy in avoiding entangling alliances. But might it not be worth while to run such a risk if, as ex-President Taft said, we might make more probable the securing of the world's peace?

For a discussion of such a plan we refer our readers to the editorial on "The Navy and Peace" printed on another page.

THE BRYCE REPORT ON "ALLEGED GERMAN OUTRAGES"

Reluctance to believe in the atrocities committed by the German forces in Belgium and northern France cannot withstand the mass of evidence that has been collected and published. Such rumors and reports without dates and names as have appeared from time to time have rightly been ignored by thoughtful Americans; but such a report as has been prepared by the Committee of which Viscount Bryce is Chairman compels acceptance. Known as a wise and impartial historian, the author of a most thoughtful and penetrating book on American institutions, Viscount Bryce could not be other than fair and judicial in such a task as that which was laid upon him by the British Prime Minister. The Committee of which he is Chairman has sifted the evidence collected by the British Home Office. Most of this evidence consists of depositions by witnesses made before examiners and taken down by men of legal knowledge and experience. Says the Committee: "Care was taken to impress upon the witness that the giving of evidence was a grave and serious matter, and every deposition submitted to us was signed by the witness in the presence of the examiner. A noteworthy feature of many of the depositions is that, though taken at different places and on different dates and by different lawyers from different witnesses, they often corroborate each other in a striking manner." In addition to these depositions there is included in this body of evidence a number of diaries of German soldiers. Some of the testimony has been rejected on the ground that it cannot be trusted; but some of the evidence which seemed incredible because so shocking has had such corroboration that it could not be omitted.

We shall not here undertake to outline the

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report. It is published by the Macmillan Company. Of its two parts, the first consists of the findings of the Committee concerning the conduct of German troops in Belgium; the second part consists of the findings of the Committee concerning the breaches of the rules of war and acts of inhumanity in invaded territories. The first part considers the conduct of the troops in the various regions; Liège and district; valleys of the Meuse and Sambre; Aerschot, Malines, Vilvorde, and Louvain Quadrangle; Louvain, Termonde, Alost. Each of these regions is in turn subdivided. In this way every alleged outrage is definitely and specifically located. In the second part various kinds of offenses are taken up in turn, such as the killing of non-combatants, the use of civilians as screens, and the abuse of the Red Cross and white flag.

The testimony is at times so painful that we cannot bring ourselves to recount it in detail. Instance after instance is recorded of definite and deliberate execution of non-combatants without the shadow of a trial. One German diary contains the following sentences: "Apparently two hundred men were shot. There must have been some innocent men among them. In future we shall have to hold an inquiry as to their guilt instead of shooting them." As to the use of civilians as screens, the Committee recognizes the fact that it might happen that terrified citizens rushing about to seek safety might be used as a screen by either side of the combatants without any intention of inhumanity; but, adds the Committee, "setting aside these doubtful cases, there remains evidence which satisfies us that on so many occasions as to justify its being described as a practice the German soldiers, under the eyes and by the direction of their officers, were guilty of this act."

THE CONCLUSIONS OF THE BRYCE COMMITTEE

Based on the evidence gathered and reported as we have stated above, the conclusions of the Committee as recapitulated by the Committee itself are as follows:

It is proved—

I. That there were in many parts of Belgium deliberate and systematically organized massacres of the civil population, accompanied by many isolated murders and other outrages.

II. That in the conduct of the war generally innocent civilians, both men and women, were murdered in large numbers, women violated, and children murdered.

III. That looting, house burning, and the wanton destruction of property were ordered and countenanced by the officers of the German army, that elaborate provision had been made for systematic incendiarism at the very outbreak of the war, and that the burnings and destruction were frequent where no military necessity could be alleged, being indeed part of a system of general terrorization.

IV. That the rules and usages of war were frequently broken, particularly by the using of civilians, including women and children, as a shield for advancing forces exposed to fire, to a less degree by killing the wounded and prisoners, and in the frequent abuse of the Red Cross and the White Flag.

Sensible as they are of the gravity of these conclusions, the Committee conceive that they would be doing less than their duty if they failed to record them as fully established by the evidence. Murder, lust, and pillage prevailed over many parts of Belgium on a scale unparalleled in any war between civilized nations during the last three centuries.

Our function is ended when we have stated what the evidence establishes, but we may be permitted to express our belief that these disclosures will not have been made in vain if they touch and rouse the conscience of mankind, and we venture to hope that as soon as the present war is over the nations of the world in council will consider what means can be provided and sanctions devised to prevent the recurrence of such horrors as our generation is now witnessing. We are, etc.,

BRYCE.
F. POLLOCK.
EDWARD CLARKE.
KENELM E. DIGBY.
ALFRED HOPKINSON.
H. A. L. FISHER.
HAROLD COX.

The deliberate effort of the German navy to carry out a policy of "frightfulness" by torpedoing merchant vessels and consequently destroying the lives of non-combatants is known to all the world. This practice confirms the conclusion of this Committee that a similar policy of "frightfulness" has been deliberately and systematically carried out by the German armies on land.

A DIVORCE BETWEEN RAILWAY AND WATER LINES

A recent decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission orders railways owning

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and operating steamship lines on the Great Lakes to dispose of their ships and give up that part of their business after December first next. The importance of this decision is evident in the fact that it affects several great trunk lines which combinedly move the principal volume of freight between the Atlantic seaboard and the West. The authority under which the decision is made is that portion of the Panama Canal Law which forbids the leasing and owning by railways of competing water lines unless in the judgment of the Inter-State Commerce Commission "public convenience and necessity are concerned thereby." Obviously, therefore, the present decision infers, and indeed plainly states, that the divorce of railway and ship traffic on the Great Lakes is for the interest of the public at large, and in particular of the shipping public, and emphatically also, in the Commission's opinion, of independent freight traffic by boat on the Great Lakes.

In the view of the Commission, the control of boat lines by railways has been used by the railways, first as a sword against existing competition, and later as a shield against possible competition by new independents. This, it is urged, not only has established something nearing monopoly, but it has made practically impossible the natural use of the Erie Barge Canal, which was intended to establish in connection with lake traffic a through water route for important Western freight. The Commission declares that Congress has distinctly pronounced in favor of "a restoration of conditions which prevailed when railroads had no interest in and exercised no control over boat lines plying upon the country's water routes." It is said that the independent lake lines have been deprived of any initial rate-making power, and that this power has been usurped by the Trunk Line Association, of which the railways now ordered to separate themselves from water traffic are the members.

The Commission characterizes the combined action of the railways over water traffic through this Association as "a get-together movement" in which all the roads concerned are parties. Among the railways involved are the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Lehigh Valley, Erie, Grand Trunk, the Lackawanna, and several others.

The Commission asserts that while in certain branches of the freight business competition may not be stifled, in others it has been, and that in so far as this goes a complete monopoly over the lake traffic has been exercised. It points out also that the change ordered will reopen a through route by water from lake ports to the Eastern seaports which does not now exist, and that this will be of great importance to all cities in the State of New York situated on the Barge Canal.

An appeal lies from this decision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission to the Supreme Court, but we notice that some railway men are reported as saying that probably the appeal will not be taken. Their idea seems to be that the disadvantage to traffic which will follow will be so great that a public outcry will be made against this proposed action.

THE VISIT OF CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS

All Americans who appreciate music will wish to join in welcoming again to these shores the distinguished French composer Charles Camille Saint-Saëns. In 1906 he visited America simply as a representative of his art. To-day he visits this country, not merely as a representative of his art, but also as a representative of his country's Government. He comes to attend the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco as a messenger of good will in the development of political, economic, literary, and artistic relations between France and America.

At the time of his former visit, nearly nine years ago, we said: "To have made the voyage of the Atlantic at seventy-one years of age, and to brave the fatigues and trials of the concert hall at a time when he has well earned comfort and ease, indicate that the dean of French music appreciates the growth of intellectual and artistic sympathy between America and Europe." In coming again to America and incurring anew and to even a greater extent than before the demands upon his strength, M. Saint-Saëns offers to an extraordinary degree his pledge of faith in his art, in his native country, and in the possibilities of this New World.

There surely can be no frequenter of concerts in America to whom the name of Saint-Saëns does not seem like that of an old friend. Most of us think of him as belonging to a period in music which has closed. It seems as if we had been familiar all our lives with his symphonic poems, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaéton," "Danse Macabre;" we know of his concertos and his other orchestral works; we have heard his chamber music and some of his songs, and we are not

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ignorant of him as an operatic composer. Indeed, among the composers of the present day there is scarcely another to be found whose music is so well known in all the fields of musical art.

In music France is a growing, living land. No other people show in this art quite the vitality of the French. Some of his countrymen have been exploring new regions in music. For that reason Saint-Saëns appears especially to be identified with an earlier day; but his work is fresh and living, it has outlasted the work of men born later than he. His musical learning is profound, his mastery of the orchestra is unquestioned.

We hope that this scholarly and distinguished man, who is not only a composer but an eminent critic, will find that the nine years since he visited America have been marked by musical progress in this Nation.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

The Outlook in its issue of May 12 gave an account of a pamphlet issued by Dr. John Fox, of New York City, indicting the Union Theological Seminary for teaching false doctrine and the New York Presbytery for indorsing such teaching by licensing the graduates from the Seminary. In this pamphlet he calls upon the General Assembly to investigate the New York Presbytery because of its alleged laxness. At the same time with this request from Dr. Fox there will be laid before the General Assembly, which will be in session before this issue can reach our readers, the report of a special committee appointed in 1913 to consider and report to the General Assembly for this year the facts respecting the Union Theological Seminary and its official relations to the Presbyterian Church. This committee divided itself into three sub-committees for the consideration of the three questions involved, namely, the legal, doctrinal, and ecclesiastical status of the Seminary. Leaving our readers to get their knowledge of the facts in detail from the denominational press, it is sufficient for us here to inform them of the conclusions which these three committees have reached.

The Sub-Committee on Legal Questions reports that the agreement entered into between the Seminary and the General Assembly in 1870, by which the Directors of the Seminary agreed that no appointment of a professor should be considered as complete if disapproved by a majority vote of the Assembly, was not legal. This Committee concludes by saying, "And the action of the Directors of the Union Theological Seminary in returning to the charter method of selection of professors was, in the opinion of your Committee, in conformity with their legal duty."

The Sub-Committee in Regard to Doctrinal and Theological Questions reaches the conclusion that "Union Seminary, in teaching, spirit, and by direct and formal act, has ceased to be theologically in any sense a Presbyterian institution as distinguished from any other denomination." In support of this position it notes the fact that the student body is made up of members of twenty-nine different Christian bodies, all of whom are urged to enter the ministry of their respective churches, and the endeavor of the Seminary is to provide them all with what they need for effective service to their own people; that the Faculty and Board of Directors include representatives of five evangelical Christian denominations; and that less than half the men reported as professors, lecturers, or instructors are enrolled as ministers in good standing in the Presbyterian Church.

The Sub-Committee on the Ecclesiastical Relations between the Seminary and the Assembly reaches a similar conclusion. It points out the fact that since 1904–5 directors and professors are required only to make the following declaration: "I promise to maintain the principles and purposes of this Institution as set forth in the Preamble adopted by the Founders." This Preamble does not even contain the word "Presbyterian." It defines the design of the Founders to be to provide a Seminary "around which all men of moderate views and feelings, who desire to live free from party strife, and to stand aloof from all extremes of doctrinal speculation, practical radicalism, and ecclesiastical domination, may cordially and affectionately rally."

It appears to The Outlook that, whatever may be the effect of this report on the Presbyterian General Assembly, its effect on the public will be to make it perfectly clear that the Union Theological Seminary is an evangelical but not a Presbyterian institution, and that students attending this Seminary may expect to find the institution pervaded by the evangelical spirit, but the teaching of the institution such as will fit them for Christian

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work, ministerial or other, in any denomination which maintains that Christian faith which is common to all Protestant evangelical churches.

VASSAR COLLEGE AND ART

On May 7, Founders' Day at Vassar College, the very fine new Gothic building, Taylor Hall, was dedicated with impressive exercises. On another page we present a view of it. The edifice is the gift of Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pratt, of Brooklyn, in honor of the President Emeritus of Vassar, Dr. James Monroe Taylor. The building is to be devoted to art collections and to the study and teaching of art. The eminent painter and critic Mr. Edwin Howland Blashfield, President of the National Institute of Arts and Letters, gave the address of the day.

The dedication of this building calls renewed attention to the fact that during the past generation we have seen the erection of a greater number of museums and galleries in this country than during any previous period. In 1882 the Bureau of Education at Washington published a report in which thirty museums were listed. In 1898 the "American Art Annual" noted forty-one. But the latest issue of the "Annual," published in 1914, lists one hundred and ninety-three art galleries. Aside from the new wings and buildings added in recent years to the Metropolitan Museum, New York City, the Corcoran Gallery at Washington, and the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston, among the most notable museums and galleries erected during the past eleven years are:

St. Louis City Museum, erected in.....	1904
Albright Gallery, Buffalo.....	1905
John Herron Art Institute, Indianapolis..	1906
Hispanic Museum, New York.....	1908
Delgado Museum, New Orleans.....	1911
Toledo Art Museum, Toledo.....	1911
Hackley Art Museum, Muskegon.....	1912
Watson Memorial Gallery, Rochester....	1913
Montclair Art Museum.....	1914
Minneapolis Institute of Arts.....	1915
Cleveland Art Museum (in construction)..	1915

This record of material progress in buildings devoted to art could not be possible if it were not for a corresponding progress in the popular appreciation of art which these buildings are designed to serve. They therefore constitute a register of the advance of art in America.

MUSIC FOR ALL

Music for all, not only for the rich and for the talented, but for every one who wants it—that is the idea behind the Music School Settlement of New York City.

The school is one of the most interesting and commendable social settlements in the United States. Situated in the heart of New York's crowded East Side, it may be to the casual observer only an ordinary social settlement with incidental music. But it is a spiritual oasis in a desert of materialism. Mr. David Mannes, who has been the directing genius of the school for fifteen years, says: "I found that if I could not take Jesus Christ to the Jews of the East Side I could take to them Beethoven. In this settlement they can forget the sordid environment of the slums in the blazing light of an adoration that can be expressed through music."

In this school, whose thousand pupils dread vacation and beg for lessons in summer, music is not taught as a trade. Violin, 'cello, piano, singing, and theory are the branches of the curriculum, but performance is not emphasized at the expense of self-expression and development of the power of appreciation. A slight fee is charged to most pupils, but seventy free scholarships are open to the most needy. The school always has a waiting list. One poor mother slept on the floor of her room and rented her bed in order to get the very slight tuition fee for her child. Another mother, who scrubs all day and brings her boy a distance of seven or eight miles every evening for lessons, says, "I want my boy he shall not be an animal." One of the most interesting classes is the Tuesday night orchestra, composed of adult wage-earners who have worked all day and who come in the evening for rehearsals.

Mr. Mannes, after giving the best years of his life to the school, has resigned to develop other important work elsewhere. But his idea will go on. Directly and indirectly it has done much to stimulate civic musical activity the country over. The New York settlement has been followed by similar settlements in Western cities. In many towns the municipal authorities are becoming interested in making music an integral part of the public schools, and already in New York the Board of Education has sanctioned the establishment of classes for teaching all the orchestral instruments in all the high schools. The Music School Settlement has perhaps succeeded as no other effort has in democratizing

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music by "affirming the right of every child to express himself in the art he loves, whether especially gifted by nature or not."

THE NAVY AND PEACE

In time of war prepare for peace.

In time of peace prepare for war.

The first is the motto of the World Court Congress in Cleveland; the second is the motto of the naval demonstration in New York. They are not inconsistent. Combined they constitute a righteous National policy.

The World Court Congress at Cleveland revived the plans proposed at the Lake Mohonk conferences of twenty years ago. We summarize them in four sentences:

The substitution of the appeal to reason for the appeal to force in the settlement of international controversies.

The official recognition by the nations of an international law to govern international relations.

A World Parliament to formulate such law.

A World Supreme Court to interpret and apply such law.

The time will come when the civilized nations of the earth will accept this programme. But what if any nation refuses to accept, or, having accepted, refuses to abide by its acceptance?

If in the state individuals or mobs refuse to submit to state law, we call them criminals and compel obedience by the police. If in the world a nation refuses obedience to international law, it is a criminal nation and the other nations should compel obedience. What the police are in the state that the army and the navy are in the world. The existence of a force adequate to compel obedience to law is a necessary condition of peace in the world as in the state. Without such force to compel obedience, arbitration, conciliation, disarmament, international law, can never protect peace.

When Austria charged Servia with complicity in the assassination of the Austrian Archduke, Servia offered to leave the question of her guilt to an impartial tribunal. Austria refused. Arbitration failed. England, France, Italy, and Russia urged Austria to enter into a council of nations to secure a peaceful adjustment of the issue. Austria refused, and Germany sustained her in the refusal. Conciliation failed. France left her northern border unfortified, trusting for protection to the neutrality of Belgium guaranteed by France, England, and Germany. That guarantee Germany treated as a "scrap of paper." Disarmament, protected by treaty, failed. International law provided that the lives of non-combatants should in war be safeguarded; that undefended cities should not be bombarded; that the lives of passengers and crews on merchant vessels should be protected. These humane provisions, created by long-continued custom, were affirmed by an international conference representing the civilized nations of the world. They have been continuously disregarded. International law unsustained by arms failed.

What, in the presence of these facts, is the duty of a rich, great, strong, democratic nation? That is the question which Americans now have to ask themselves. Our answer is simple and, we hope, definite and clear.

The first duty of government is to protect persons and property. If it does not protect persons and property, it is not worthy to be called a government. If it fails in this fundamental function, individuals are thrown back upon the primary right of self-defense. If the police do not protect the citizens of New York from burglars, the citizens of New York must arm themselves and shoot at sight. The failure of government to protect persons and property does not mean peace, it means anarchy.

But America has the duty to protect the persons and property of its citizens from criminals without the state as well as from criminals within, and it has the duty to join with other states in protecting peace and order throughout the world. If it fails in these duties, if it allows merchant ships to be attacked by pirates and the non-combatants who are upon them to be killed, the merchantmen are thrown back upon the primitive right of self-protection, must go armed and become men-of-war. The failure of the civilized nations to maintain peace and order by force when peace and order are threatened by force does not mean international peace; it means international anarchy.

America is at peace in a world at war. This fact imposes upon Americans a double duty. Free from the stress of immediate war, Americans can deliberate upon methods of securing among the nations peace founded upon international law established and enforced by international action. This is one duty.

Threatened by a war which has broken

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the peace of the world, Americans must prepare to protect American citizens at home and abroad and to take their share in restoring and securing a world peace founded upon a world law. This is its second duty. This does not mean war; but it does mean preparedness for war.

Three chapters in our National history enforce this duty upon us. In 1775 the Nation was unprepared for the war forced upon it by a foreign enemy. In 1861 it was unprepared for the war forced upon it by a domestic enemy. In 1898 it was unprepared for the war waged by America against the oppressors of a suffering neighbor. What unpreparedness cost America in 1775, 1861, and 1898 should suffice to teach Americans not to face unprepared the possibility of having war forced upon them in 1915.

In the present stage of civilization, to disarm leads to anarchy; to be prepared for war is a condition of peace.

GERMANY AND ARBITRATION

It is currently reported in certain journals that Germany may answer the President's note respecting the sinking of the Lusitania by proposing arbitration. We suspect that this is simply newspaper gossip furnished in the absence of authenticated news, but we are prepared to say what answer we would make to such a proposal if it should come. That answer would be substantially this:

If you will give us guarantees that you will observe the fundamental humanities of international law, as established by the past practices of civilized nations, and will not sink another merchant vessel without making adequate provision for the safety of the passengers and crew, we will gladly join with you in leaving to the Hague Court the question, What, if any, reparation you should make to America for the loss of lives of American citizens occasioned by the torpedoing of the Lusitania; and we will also agree to submit to a conference of the Powers for ultimate decision the question, What changes, if any, in international law, as established by the custom of nations, are required by the invention and use of air-ships and of submarines, provided you will agree beforehand to accept and loyally maintain in all future warfare whatever laws of war such a conference may establish bearing on this question.

A LEADER IN UNIVERSITY EDUCATION

The development of scientific knowledge, involving laboratories, libraries, collections of material of many sorts, and the development of practical, technical, and vocational education, have involved an immense extension of the facilities of universities. But the university still remains at heart what it was when thousands of students crowded about a great teacher like Abelard and the university consisted, as Dr. Gilman often reminded us, of a body of teachers and students. At the beginning it was without endowment and had only the most casual housing; but it had the inspiration of men of thought and knowledge from whom the intellectual impulse passed into a body of turbulent students, gathered from many countries, representing many nations, attracted by the personality of a teacher.

This was the note struck by Dr. Gilman when he came from the University of California to organize the Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. He combined in rare degree knowledge of academic principles and history, and of teaching methods with executive ability. Baltimore was an old-fashioned city strongly imbued with Southern feeling; a place of hospitality, good manners, and a delightful social life. Its prominent men of intellectual temper had been educated in the old-fashioned way and held the classics in great reverence. Johns Hopkins had made a fortune among them as merchant and banker. A childless millionaire, he had determined to use his fortune to establish a university and hospital. On his death it was found that an estate of about seven million dollars was to be divided between these two institutions. With the wisdom which some men of practical sagacity have not possessed, he left his great bequests untrammeled by dictation in regard to the manner in which they should be used in detail.

When Dr. Gilman came to Baltimore, it was expected that he would establish a university on the old lines; but greater things were in store for the city and for the country. He had a free hand, and he used his freedom with a courage equal to his sagacity. Probably most men would have begun by housing the new institution handsomely; he began in the simplest possible way by inviting to the faculty of the new institution a small group of scholars, seven or eight in number,

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of great distinction at home and abroad, among them Professor Sylvester, who brought from England a wide reputation as a mathematician; Dr. Gildersleeve, a classical scholar of the highest type; Dr. Remsen, a chemist of National reputation; Dr. Adams; and others. This group of men were given large freedom in the matter of time and teaching methods; emphasis was laid on research work, and the standard of the institution was fixed at the very start by the creation of a body of Fellows, graduates of other colleges who were to carry on advanced studies under the direction of this group of able teachers. Almost at once the publications of the Johns Hopkins University embodying the researches of its Faculty attracted the attention of the academic world and were found in the libraries of every university in Europe and America. Within a very short period after its doors were opened Johns Hopkins University was known in academic circles in all parts of the world. Research work had begun in other institutions; but the definite devotion of a great endowment to this work exercised an immediate and immense influence on American institutions. Within a few years more than a hundred graduates of the Johns Hopkins were filling chairs in universities and colleges in all parts of the country, and the institution had become a teacher of teachers. Dr. G. Stanley Hall, who joined the Faculty at an early date, was a pioneer among American investigators in psychology, the study of the child mind, and pedagogy. Dr. Henry Adams applied the laboratory method to the study of history; and perhaps for the first time newspapers were used in college work as educational material. In every department freedom and ability bred enthusiasm; the presence of a body of Fellows who had formed working habits and were seriously pursuing serious studies created a studious atmosphere among the undergraduates. Post-graduate study received an impulse which resulted in an enormous enlargement of the facilities for advanced work in this country, so that, except in a few highly specialized branches of knowledge, there is no longer any necessity for the American student to go abroad for the largest opportunities. American education owes a lasting debt to the Johns Hopkins for its pioneer work in the advancement of knowledge. It greatly helped to remove the reproach, so often brought against Americans, that, while they have used scientific knowledge with great skill and sagacity, they have not enlarged it.

Dr. Gilman lived long enough to enter into the fruits of his far-sighted policy; to see the institution solidly established not only as a leader among American universities but as a respected and honored member of the world-wide university community. The quarter of a century of his service was marked by almost continuous progress, though a financial crisis overtook the institution as the result of a disaster which greatly reduced for a time the value of some of the securities in which the founder had left its original endowment. Dr. Gilman was a specialist in geography and library work, but he was a man of extraordinary breadth of information and extraordinary sympathy with students and scholars in all departments. America has never had a better equipped university president in the range of his information, his sense of perspective in intellectual values, and his skill in dealing with men. Very appropriately, the new library building, Gilman Hall, will serve as a memorial to the first President of the University, who was also a library expert.

Dr. Ira Remsen, who succeeded Dr. Gilman in the presidency of Johns Hopkins, is a distinguished chemist who has fostered in every way the interests of the University and contributed not a little to its substantial growth during the past few years. The new President, Dr. Goodnow, a graduate of Amherst and of the Law Department of Columbia University, is a jurist and publicist, an author and teacher in the field of politics and law. His "Principles of the Administrative Law of the United States," "Bases of the Law of Taxation," "Cases in Administrative Law," "Municipal Home Rule," "Municipal Problems," "Municipal Government," "Politics and Administration," "Civic Government in the United States," and "Social Reform and the Constitution" are well known to students in these departments. Outside his academic work Dr. Goodnow has contributed liberally to the service of the public. He was a member of the Commission on Economy and Efficiency instituted by President Taft; and at the time of his appointment as President of the Johns Hopkins University he was acting as legal adviser to the Chinese Republic.

He comes to the University in the fortunate hour when the institution is being removed from a crowded center in Baltimore to a

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beautiful tract of land in the suburbs of the city to which the attractive title of "Homewood" has been given. Citizens of Baltimore have contributed liberally to the expenses of removal and rebuilding. The scheme of architecture of the new university housing is furnished by the Carroll Mansion, a charming example of Colonial architecture which stands on the grounds and will be used for university purposes. The dignity, simplicity, and beauty of line of the Colonial order modified by Southern conditions is skillfully developed in the new university buildings. The undergraduate department and the Schools of Jurisprudence and Applied Science have already been removed; other departments of the University will wait for the completion of the buildings in which they will be finally lodged. The Johns Hopkins Hospital, which long ago took rank among leading institutions in the world, is already amply housed and equipped and remains undisturbed.

The country owes much to the Johns Hopkins, and, now that it is opening a new chapter in its history, Americans who know the supreme importance of the highest standards of education and life in a democracy will take great satisfaction not only in its history but in its future possibilities.

THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY GREGORY MASON

A WEEK of important military movements and of momentous political convulsions was the week May 12 to May 19. The upheaval in the British Cabinet, the earthquake in Italian political affairs which has been threatening to throw the nation into the war or to lay it waste by internal combustion, the seizure of German Southwest Africa for England by Boers, who a few years ago were fighting Great Britain, the successes of the Allies in France, and the complete collapse of Russia's Carpathian campaign, would in any ordinary week have deserved most of the space of "The Story of the War."

Of these events and developments the most apparent immediate military significance at the time of writing lies in Russia's reverses in the Carpathians and along nearly all of the Russo-Austrian and Russo-German frontiers. The French and British despatches either ignore the Russian setback entirely, as Kitchener did in his last address to the House of Lords when he asked for 300,000 more recruits, or frankly admit that the situation is discouraging. Even the vigilant Russian censor has not succeeded in keeping a note of gloom out of the unofficial reports of fighting that have come from Petrograd.

RUSSIA BEHIND HER SCHEDULE

"Crush France before Russia can come up," was the German programme. France was not crushed—that was the first surprise. But after nine months of war Russia can hardly be said to have "come up" very effectively from the Allies' point of view, for the Czar has lost more ground to the Kaiser than he has gained from the Austrian Emperor. Along almost the whole eastern battle-front the Russian armies are now from a few miles to seventy-five miles back of their best previous mark of advance against their foes. Only on the extreme left of the Russian line has there been a palpable gain recently, where, in extreme eastern Galicia and Bukowina, the Austrians have been pushed back across the Pruth River along a front of fifty miles. But within two weeks the Teutons have captured Libau, on the Baltic, by a combined land and sea assault, while another land force has pushed as far toward Riga as the town of Shavli, about half-way between Vilna and Libau on the railway between those two points; and in the same time the Russian line which ran like an arc from Skierniewice, near Warsaw, in Russian Poland, through Tarnow and Dukla to the headwaters of the Stryi River in the Carpathians has retracted till it follows a wabbly course between Skierniewice and the Stryi, passing through Jaroslav and crossing the San a few miles southwest of Przemysl. This city, which will be famous in history for the long siege that ended when its starving garrison surrendered on March 22, is in danger of recapture by the Austro-Germans.

It is well to take a strong dose of salt with

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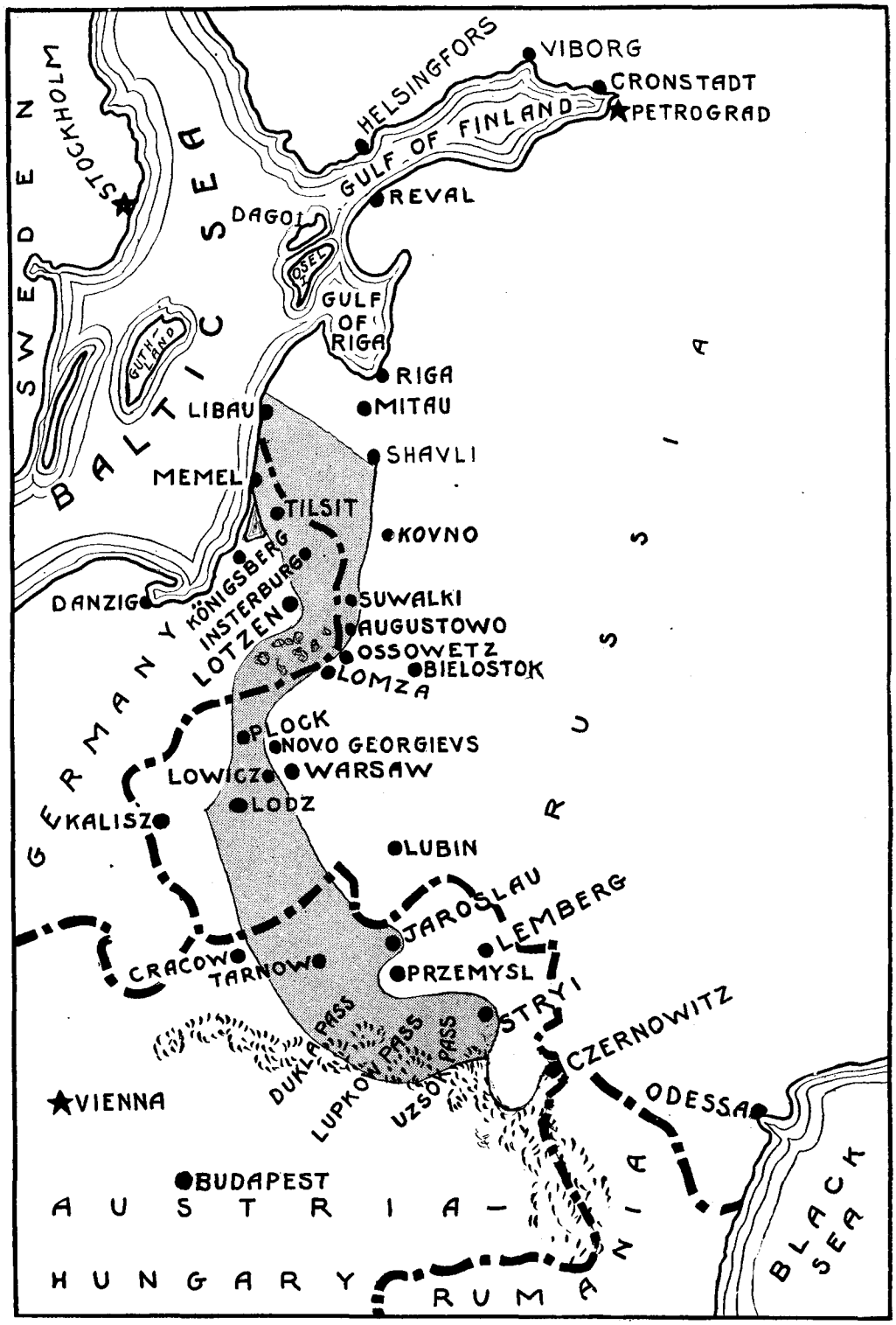

THE EBB AND FLOW OF BATTLE IN THE EAST

The recent reverses of Russia along almost her entire battle-front have thrown her far behind the schedule that has been set for her by most neutral military experts. The collapse of her campaign in the Carpathians in particular has been a severe blow to the hopes of the Allies. The western edge of the shaded area marks the extreme points to which Russians have advanced in force since war was declared. The eastern edge of this area marks the alignment of Russian armies to-day.

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the official Vienna claim that in ten days of fighting in Galicia the Austro-Germans captured 143,500 Russian prisoners. The delicacy of the Austrian relations with Italy just now offers every incentive for Teutons to exaggerate their own successes. Wide as the Russian retreat has been, there is no indication that it has been a rout, or that any entire section of the Slavs has been wedged off and surrounded as was the case with part of the Tenth Russian Army after the defeat at the Masurian Lakes.

A BIG "NIBBLE"

While the Teutons were winning in the east the Allies were successful in the west, but their gains were on a much smaller scale and were of much less bearing on the general situation. The situation on the western front is still a deadlock, but in the east the line is still full of flexibility. The fact remains that the offensive of the French, which seems to have met with general success to the extent of gains of from a few hundred yards to two and a half miles from Arras to the town of Loos, twenty-five miles to the north, is the most extensive piece of Joffre's "nibbling" policy which we have had this year. It was a "nibble" nevertheless, like the simultaneous but smaller British gain near La Bassée. Apparently the town of Lens, an important railway center, was the goal of the French, and they advanced to within three miles of it. In these two attacks, as in most of the serious attempts made by the Allies in France and Belgium during the winter and spring, they have made notable progress during the first few days of the assault, only to be stopped quite abruptly when the German reinforcements came up. There is yet no indication that either side is strong enough to make a serious break in the other's line.

TURKISH DAVID AND BRITISH GOLIATH

A Turkish destroyer, playing the rôle of David to the British battle-ship Goliath, torpedoed and sank the latter, with a loss of 500 men, near the entrance to the Dardanelles. In making public this news in the House of Commons, the First Lord of the British Admiralty also announced that a British submarine had penetrated the Sea of Marmora, where, according to reports, she had sunk two Turkish gunboats and a transport. The Goliath is the sixth battle-ship to be lost by Great Britain during the war, and the fourth to be lost by the Allies in the operations against the Dardanelles. The torpedoed battle-ship, which was a sister ship of the Ocean, sunk by the Turks on March 8, was launched in 1900, and had therefore lived three-quarters of the allotted active life of a battle-ship. The audacity of an admiralty which would bestow the name Goliath on any ship is beyond comprehension. Such an act is a direct temptation of providence.

Up to date Great Britain and her allies have lost forty-eight ships of war, of a tonnage of about 254,000, to seventy-five vessels of a total tonnage of about 193,000 lost by Germany and her allies. As to merchant shipping, Thomas J. Macnamara, Parliamentary Secretary of the Admiralty, announced in the House of Commons the other day that German merchant shipping to the extent of 314,465 tons had been sunk or captured by the British navy up to May 15, while the German navy in the same time had sunk or captured British merchant vessels of 460,628 total tonnage. But, Mr. Macnamara pointed out, in the destruction of the German ships, so far as is known in England, not one life was lost, while in Germany's campaign on England's commerce approximately 1,556 "persons of all nationalities were killed."

ENGLAND, GERMANY, AND THE BOERS

The capture of Windhoek, capital of German Southwest Africa, by men of the Union of South Africa under General Botha, in his words "means practically complete possession of German Southwest Africa." But it means more. Fifteen years ago the men with Botha to-day and their fathers were fighting Great Britain, and in their struggle they had the outspoken sympathy of Germany. Some of them have German blood in their veins, yet to-day, while the memories of that other war are still fresh, they fight for England against Germany.

The critics of England's colonial policy will find much food for reflection in this state of affairs in South Africa.

POLITICAL FERMENT IN ENGLAND AND ITALY

As this issue of The Outlook goes to press word comes of the resignation of Lord Fisher, the First Sea Lord of the British Admiralty, and of the announcement by Premier Asquith that the Cabinet is to be reconstructed on broader national lines, such reorganization to be "for the purposes of the war alone." Mr. Asquith

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declared that the changes will not affect the present Premier and Foreign Secretary, but it is rumored that Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty, will be among the Liberals to give up to leaders of other parties the positions they have been holding.

The ferment in British politics, like the same force in Italian affairs, has been brewing for months, and the wonder is that it has not broken out sooner. It does not constitute a serious danger to Great Britain, however. The friction has been caused by the presence of a few round pegs in square holes, and, if the reports of the impending formation of a new Cabinet are true, the movement will simply mean the shaking down of the Government until all places are filled by the right men.

The Italian Cabinet crisis seems to have been weathered for the time being. To the casual observer it seemed as if Italy might change horses in midcourse, but the apparent movement to do so fell through. Upon the resignation of Premier Salandra and his Cabinet the King requested Signor Marcora, President of the Chamber of Deputies, to form a new Cabinet. When Signor Marcora declined, Paolo Carcano, Minister of the Treasury in the Salandra Cabinet, was asked to take up the reins of government. When he also refused the responsible position, King Victor Emmanuel induced Signor Salandra to remain in office. In Austria there has been a disposition to regard this retention of the Prime Minister as an indication that Italy is bent on war.

As revealed in a speech to the Reichstag by Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, Germany's Chancellor, the latest offer of Austria to Italy includes practically everything that Austria could fairly be expected to grant as a sop to hold Italy neutral. This fact is sufficient to create a strong presumption that Austria is indeed in hard straits. Yet Italy is apparently unsatisfied.

As this goes to press it is reported that the Italian Government has placed all the country's railways under military control, and the drift toward war seems almost irresistible.

New York City, May 19, 1915.

GERMANS AS AMERICAN CITIZENS

A POLL OF THE AMERICAN PRESS PUBLISHED IN THE GERMAN LANGUAGE

THE grave situation caused by the Lusitania massacre, followed by President Wilson's note to the German Government, has elicited peculiarly interesting comment from that part of the American press published in the German language.

From previous utterances some observers had concluded that all these papers would espouse the cause of Germany, but a poll of them develops the fact that, when confronted with the necessity of choosing between Germany and the United States, many of these newspapers are frankly American.

BLAMING ENGLAND

To begin with frankly pro-German comment, the Philadelphia "Tageblatt," for instance, speaks as follows:

> The senseless war . . . has led to a new conflict brought about by the note of our Government demanding the cessation of submarine warfare against mercantile shipping.
>
> This demand is something entirely new. It is the first time in history that a neutral power tries to dictate to a belligerent in which way it shall use a legal weapon against its enemies. The United States practically says to Germany, "You may use your submarines against warships but not against merchant vessels because Americans may have taken passage on such ships and get killed." Such a far-reaching consideration of the rights of neutrals never was asked before. The law of nations certainly does not justify it.
>
> Nevertheless, Germany was willing months ago to do exactly what the United States demanded. The German Government declared in February its willingness to forego the submarine warfare against English trade if England give up its "Order of Council" policy of starving the German civil population, a policy which clearly finds no justification in the law of nations. But England declined. If the Government of the United States had indorsed this just and humane offer with the same energy which is shown in the new note to Germany, the new conflict would have been avoided.
>
> The use of submarines in warfare is as yet

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not regulated by international law. A single power has no right to issue such regulations. The theory that submarines may not be used against merchant vessels is untenable. The American Government had no right to believe that the German Government will give up its submarine warfare against England for no other reason but to please the United States.

England is also blamed by the editor of the Cincinnati "Freie Presse."

Another Cincinnati paper, the "Volksblatt," takes a similar position, and adds the suggestion that "the difficulty admits of a satisfactory solution by advising American citizens to travel on American vessels."

WHAT WILL GERMANY REPLY?

Will Germany respond favorably to our note? No, says the Indianapolis "Telegraph und Tribüne:"

We believe it impossible for the German Government to comply with the President's extravagant demand, which amounts to German disarmament on seas. All that will be required to safeguard British armed merchantmen carrying contraband will be to put passengers, preferably Americans, on board, and they will be immune from attack by German submarines. It is a palpable injustice of President Wilson to demand that Germany should lay aside its most effective weapon of attack.

The Detroit "Abendpost," conceding that "from a purely ethical standpoint the note deserves high praise," thus replies to the same question:

If the President believes Germany will, in consequence of his note, be moved to change its methods of warfare, he is mistaken. . . . Notes will have complete success only when the President learns to treat all foreign governments alike.

The editor of the Louisville "Anzeiger" praises the President as follows:

The American note to Berlin evidences the desire of the President to hold Germany to strict accountability for the loss of American lives in the Lusitania disaster. This proceeding on the part of the American Government is eminently just and proper. If the President had failed to hold Germany to strict accountability, he would have failed of his official duty. The President's forceful action cannot but be of salutary effect in this country also. It gives the American people the assurance that the Government at Washington is prepared and ready for the protection of American citizens wherever they may chance to be. . . .

While we do not agree with the President on some points in his note, we repose the fullest confidence in his patriotism, as well as his deliberate judgment as giving assurance that, whatever the outcome, the case of the American people rests in trustworthy hands.

The people should by their action spare him unnecessary embarassment and rely for a satisfactory solution of the grave questions confronting us on his patriotism and honesty.

Similar praise comes from Mr. Edward L. Preetorius, President of the German-American Press Association, publishers of the St. Louis "Times" and the "Westliche Post:"

The President of the United States has spoken, and the German-Americans, in common with all other good citizens, accept the word of President Wilson as our supreme law. His handling of an extremely delicate situation has been admirable, and we all trust that he may so continue it that there may be no strife between this country and the Fatherland.

To this the "Westliche Post" adds:

For the press of the whole country there is at present but one sacred duty, to leave nothing undone to avert inner strife. That we Americans of German descent with a bleeding heart contemplate the possibility of an armed conflict between the United States and the land of our forefathers no fair-minded person will condemn us for. There still is hope for an honorable understanding on both sides. May Providence grant that the worst be averted!

LOYALTY TO AMERICA

As St. Louis has been supposed to be a rather violent pro-German center, it is interesting to note the opinion, as reported, of Mr. Henry Kersting, President of the German-American Alliance:

The statesmanlike note written by President Wilson and transmitted to the German Government deserves to take high rank among American state papers. It deals with a most delicate situation in a diplomatic manner and yet with the most perfect frankness. . . . The manner in which the so-called German-American citizens receive the President's message shows that as a matter of fact there is no such thing as a German-American or any other hyphenated American.

Even better known than St. Louis as a foreign center is Milwaukee. The "Abendpost" of that city remarks:

We do not remember ever having written an article with heavier heart. While we compose it we are under pressure of the most cruel situation which an American citizen of German extraction may have to face, that which has always appeared to us, not only as the direst calamity that could befall us, but also as the most heinous crime that could be committed

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against civilization. . . . On one side there is no sentiment more natural and more beautiful than the loving attachment to the country where our cradle stood. On the other side we are American citizens, who, under all conditions, have to conserve their loyalty to the great country of their adoption. . . . We can only express the most ardent hope that the German Government, while fully conserving its legitimate rights, may yet find in its answer the tone that will spare us the worst.

Farther to the Northwest we find the St. Paul "Volks-Zeitung" voicing the following stirring decision:

The stand taken by the President serves notice on our own so-called leaders and the irresponsible jingo press that this country will not go to war without full justification. We are glad to see the President take such a strong stand for upholding the rights of American citizens; we sincerely trust he will demand that hereafter all countries will respect our right to the sacred freedom of the seas. . . .

Whatever the outcome, no matter how great the suffering and mental agony that German-Americans would undergo, there can be no question about their loyalty to the Stars and Stripes.

In the metropolis, the "New Yorker Herold" has this to say:

The insistence of a part of the vernacular press that the German-Americans should define their position in a war with Germany has appeared rather strange to us. A little reflection might have shown these editors how unreasonable their more or less veiled suspicions are. Even if we leave aside the oath of allegiance and the sentiment for the flag, we should think hard, practical common sense alone would teach that the German-Americans must support the country of their adoption, must support it unreservedly and energetically. When Germans become citizens, they expect to remain in America. They expect the country to remain their own home and that of their children and their children's children. All their material interests are bound up with America. They want the country to become greater and greater, not only for their own sake, but for that of their offspring.

Sentimental reminiscences of the old country will never outweigh the hard and cold facts of material existence. We might quote numerous instances from the past for this assertion; the teachings of history go to show that any colony whose material interests were threatened by the mother country resented such acts, frequently by open rebellion. The well-being of America being for the German-Americans of paramount importance, a most substantial basis for their absolute loyalty is given, even if we should leave aside the sentimental regard for the flag, which is far greater than the editors of the vernacular press believe. . . .

To the German-American we want to say that it is absolutely logical that the native Americans exact the fullest measure of patriotic devotion you may be capable of. No nation will forego its claim on the loyalty of all of its citizens, as any other course would be suicidal. No silent and sullen acquiescence in the measures the Nation takes through its chosen representatives will suffice; the response of the German-Americans must come from the whole heart, and their support of the country must be without reserve, without qualifications.

And from all the manifestations of German-American spirit in the last few days we can definitely say that in this, the supreme test of loyalty, the German-Americans will not fall or falter.

To the Germans living here—those who are not naturalized—we offer this advice: Comport yourselves as guests of the Nation. Silence is golden. Keep at your usual occupations and be sure to refrain from any undertaking that might displease your hosts.

The best known of all papers in America published in German is the "New Yorker Staats-Zeitung." From various editorials we clip the following:

The attitude assumed by the President, in the note delivered yesterday to the German Government, toward the infringement of our rights on the seas is diplomatically correct and must compel the support of the entire American people. . . .

The note recites a series of events which the Government of the United States could not silently pass by, and demands reparation for American lives lost and American property already destroyed, and a guarantee that the rights of the United States and its citizens shall be observed in the future. All this the German Government may well grant, frankly and unreservedly and without loss of honor or prestige. It would be incomprehensible if it did not do so. The note . . . is a document in which lies the choice of war or peace evenly balanced. I prefer to read into it all the optimism which can be derived from the knowledge that two nations historically likeminded and bound to one another by strong ties of friendship seldom go to war over matters which can be settled without resort to the arbitrament of arms.

But—and this is a big but—the "Staats-Zeitung" concludes:

There has never been but one flag under which the German-American has fought. There never can be but one flag under which he will ever fight, and the flag is the Stars and Stripes.

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A FIGHTING FLEET FOR A PEACEFUL PEOPLE

WITH the whistles of small craft tooting a polyphonic "Bon voyage," with both shores of the Hudson River and the seaward windows of every downtown office building filled with men and women waving and shouting the same message, the sixty lead-gray ships of the Atlantic fleet, which are the backbone of the American navy, put to sea last week after the ten days' rest and review at New York City. As each one of the sixteen massive battle-ships leading the naval procession drew abreast of the President's yacht, the trim white Mayflower, a single gun aboard each of them began to hammer out the slow tattoo of the twenty-one-gun Presidential salute. The white smoke from the guns mingled with the sooty breath from the funnels to form a long, low, slate cloud, almost the color of the ships themselves and nearly hiding them. With the hilly Staten Island coast beyond dimly showing through the rifts, a spectator on Manhattan's shore could half shut his eyes and imagine the bombardment of the Dardanelles.

All the thoughtful witnesses of that impressive naval pageant were asking themselves and their neighbors:

"At this time, when the danger of conflict with a powerful foreign nation seems more imminent than at any time since 1898, is our navy adequate to defend us in case of war?"

That question of the adequacy of their fleet is always the first one asked by Americans when foreign war threatens, for America, like England, is in an insular position so far as other Great Powers are concerned, and her fleet has always been her palladium. The remark of the Hon. Lindley M. Garrison, Secretary of War, made in an interview published in The Outlook of December 30, 1914, that "at present our navy is our only considerable bulwark against invasion," has always been true. The function of a navy in such a nation as this is discussed editorially elsewhere in this number; it is the aim of this article to throw some light on the question as to whether to-day even our navy is not only a "considerable" but an adequate bulwark.

Man for man and ship for ship, our navy will compare favorably with any foreign navy. We can rest further for assurance on the word of Admiral Dewey and a host of other experts, quick to point out shortcomings when they exist. We need not attempt here to substantiate their promises with an array of evidence, since this question is unimportant in the face of the fact that the answer to the first question above is an emphatic "No." Splendid as it is so far as it goes, our navy is not to-day adequate for the defense of the country against such a great foreign Power as it might be called upon to face.

A few years ago on the basis of tonnage our navy stood second among the navies of the world; last July it ranked third, but to-day it is fourth. France has passed us since the war began by expediting work on vessels which were under construction in July, 1914. Of course, since that time the nations at war have closely guarded all information concerning additions to their navies, and consequently the latest record we have of the standing of the Powers gives their standing as it was last July. This is printed at the foot of the page.

Not only has France passed us since the table below was compiled, but Japan is known to have six first-line war-ships under construction to our four, and if we do not mend our pace we shall soon be a secondary naval Power.

The trouble is that our navy has been the shuttlecock of politicians. That is to say, we have never had a continuous naval policy. The nearest approach to the adoption of one was in 1903. In that year the General Board

COMPARATIVE NAVAL STRENGTH OF THE NATIONS

	England		Germany		U. S.		France		Japan		Russia		Italy		Austria	
	Built	Bldg	Built	Bldg	Built	Bldg	Built	Bldg	Built	Bldg	Built	Bldg	Built	Bldg	Built	Bldg
Battle-ships (dreadnoughts)	20	16	13	7	8	4	4	8	2	4	..	7	3	7	3	4
Battle-ships (pre-dreadnoughts)	40	..	20	..	22	..	18	..	13	..	7	..	8	..	6	..
Coast defense	..	..	2	..	4	..	1	..	2	..	2	..	..	..	6	..
Battle cruisers	9	1	4	4	..	..	..	..	2	2	..	4	..	..	..	..
Armored cruisers	34	..	9	..	11	..	20	..	13	..	6	..	9	..	2	..
Cruisers	74	17	41	5	14	..	9	..	13	..	9	8	6	..	5	5
Destroyers	167	21	130	24	51	11	84	3	50	2	91	44	36	15	18	..
Torpedo-boats	49	..	..	..	13	..	135	..	27	..	14	..	68	2	39	24
Submarines	75	22	27	18	30	19	64	22	13	2	30	19	19	8	6	6

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of the Navy outlined a plan calling for the construction of two battle-ships and the necessary auxiliary units annually. Under this plan we should now have ready for service, under construction, and authorized, forty-seven battle-ships less than twenty years old, which is the officially recognized "life" of such vessels. Because Congress has steadily fallen behind this two-battle-ship-a-year programme, we have to-day ready for service, under construction, and authorized, only thirty-seven battle-ships. In other words, we are ten battle-ships behind the 1903 programme. On the whole, the other types of vessel that go to make up the armed sea power of a nation have suffered even more than the battle-ships. Our naval authorities calculate that the proportions of the complete fighting fleet demand that for every eight battle-ships there should be thirty-two destroyers, sixteen submarines, one ammunition ship, two destroyer tenders, four fuel ships, one hospital ship, one repair ship, two submarine tenders, one supply ship, and one transport. On this basis, the Hon. George von L. Meyer, former Secretary of the Navy, writing in the "Scientific American" recently, presented the following chart, showing what the deficiencies of our navy are. For the purpose of comparison he considers ships under construction or authorized as available:

Type	Number of ships available	Under construction or authorized	Total	Number necessary on basis of 42 battle-ships	Deficiency
Dreadnoughts	8	7	..	..	..
(Pre-dreadnought) ships[1]	27	..	42	..	..
Battle cruisers	..	..	..	10	10
Arm'd cruisers[2]	10	..	10	..	..
Scouts	3	..	3	42	39
Destroyers	50	18	68	164	96
Tenders	6	3	9	20	11
Repair ships	1	..	1	5	4
Supply ships	4	1	5	5	..
Hospital ships	2	..	2	5	3
Ammun'on ships	..	..	..	5	5
Fuel ships	22	2	24	24	..
Submarines	30	28	58	88	30
Transports	3	1	6	5	..
Totals	168	60	228	373	198

[1] Includes old-type battle-ships.
[2] Armored cruisers have been superseded by battle cruisers; those on hand would be employed as scouts.

If there is one lesson that the naval engagements of this war have brought out clearly, it is the importance of speed to war-ships. Given two vessels of equal armament, the swifter one can dictate when and where the encounter shall take place. And if a swift vessel has heavier guns than a slow one, the former can keep just out of range of the latter's weapons and pound her to pieces, as the Sydney did to the Emden.

By the way, how many Americans know that we have no vessels which would have been strong enough to cope with the Emden and swift enough to catch her? And how many of them know that the heavy cruiser Blücher, overhauled and sunk by Admiral Beatty's fast-steaming battle cruisers, could have shown her heels to any vessel larger than a destroyer in our navy?

Already the judgment of England and Germany has been fully vindicated in building battle cruisers—a type of ship with the guns of a dreadnought but of much greater speed and of somewhat lighter armor. If Great Britain had had no battle cruisers Admiral von Spee's armored cruisers might still have been roaming the seas destroying commerce; and if England had had none of these ships the battle cruisers of Germany would have been free to leave their hiding-places occasionally and pounce upon smaller vessels of the enemy, or even dart now and then across the North Sea to attack British coast towns. Not only has the United States no battle cruisers, but the American Government has authorized no cruisers of any kind since 1904. Were we to go to war to-morrow, we should be seriously hampered by the scarcity of fast cruisers to do scout work and to protect our own commerce and harass the commerce of the enemy. Thus, even if the navy of our enemy were much weaker than ours, if he had a few cruisers faster than any of our ships, we should find ourselves in the anomalous position of "controlling the seas" and at the same time continually losing merchant vessels to the enemy's sea cavalry.

According to ex-Secretary Meyer, we need many more gunboats for Central American, West Indian, and Far East service, and the same authority declares that we have now "only one makeshift vessel for ammunition-carrying purposes, . . . and five of them are required." The National Security League declares that "fast scout cruisers, battle cruisers, aeroplanes, mine layers, supply ships, and transports are lacking." Another authority who has recently pointed out the very great deficiency of our navy with regard to mine layers, mine sweepers, mines, and aircraft was Rear-Admiral Bradley A. Fiske, testifying before the Committee on Navy Affairs of the House of Representatives.

But the most striking deficiency is in officers and men. If we were to go to war to-morrow,

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fully to man every craft on our navy list there would be lacking 18,556 trained men and 933 line officers. This situation arises through no fault of the Secretary of the Navy, but through the fact that Congress, on June 30, 1914, limited the number of enlisted men to 51,500, and the number of officers to 1,898. Mr. Robert W. Neeser points out in his interesting book "Our Navy and the Next War," just published by Charles Scribner's Sons, that in 1884, with only 8,250 enlisted men, the navy was allowed 1,114 officers. "In other words," says Mr. Neeser, "while the enlisted personnel in thirty years was increased 43,250, the number of officers to-day is only 784 greater than in 1884."

The war has done one thing for Americans: it has opened their eyes to the fact that we are not independent of the trade, treaties, and quarrels of the rest of the world. We have not the splendid isolation that we thought we had. Consequently more and more of us are coming to realize that our navy to-day lacks many ships and men to make it a sufficient bulwark of protection. Fine as it is, and it is the finest we have ever had, our navy does not yet offer an adequate fighting fleet for a peaceful people as numerous as we are, and with as extended a coast-line as we have to defend.

The root of the trouble is our lack of a naval policy. The navy has done the best it could with the means placed at its disposal. We ought no longer to delay the adoption of a far-seeing constructive naval programme.

THE CASE OF LEO M. FRANK

ON May 31 the Prison Commission of Georgia will give a hearing to a young man convicted of murder, Leo M. Frank. Unless clemency is exercised by this Commission and the Governor of the State, this young man will be executed on June 22. Thousands of letters have been sent to the Governor's office asking that this sentence be commuted. These letters have come not only from ordinary citizens of the United States, but from members of Congress, United States Senators, Governors and ex-Governors. It is said that the movement for commutation of this sentence is quite without parallel. Not the least extraordinary fact is that Governors who themselves have power of pardon in their own States, and would be naturally jealous of any interference with their exercise of it, have urged a fellow-Governor to save this prisoner. Mass-meetings have been held on his behalf. On May 16 a mass-meeting was held in Chicago, and another was called for May 23. Nothing so closely approaching the famous Dreyfus case of France has happened in America.

It was on a Sunday morning over two years ago (April 27, 1913) that the body of a young girl was found in the cellar of a pencil factory in Atlanta, Georgia. It was soon identified as the body of an employee of the factory, a pretty young girl by the name of Mary Phagan. The man who discovered the body was a colored night watchman named Lee. The last one apparently to have seen Mary Phagan alive was the superintendent of the factory, Leo Frank. Both these men were arrested. Certain facts that were not in the nature of conclusive evidence at all—such, for instance, as that Frank called up the night watchman at seven o'clock in the evening before the discovery of the body and asked if everything was all right—led a great many people to jump to the conclusion that Frank was the murderer. As that opinion was formed, it was buttressed by indignation and passion. Surely if this man were the murderer his crime was most heinous. The young girl was helpless. She was virtually in his employ. At the time the crime was committed—Saturday afternoon—the workers had all left the factory, and there was no one at hand to help. If this man were guilty, Mary Phagan's fellow-employees and the people of Atlanta and every decent-minded person who knew of the case had a right to be stirred to the bottom with indignation. The great majority of people did not discriminate between their right to be indignant at the guilty man and injustice in jumping to a conclusion as to who the guilty man was. They jumped to the conclusion that Leo Frank was guilty, and then they expended all the passionate indignation in their souls upon him.

Newt Lee, the night watchman, was exon-

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erated from any share of guilt. But there was another man involved. This was a shiftless, degenerate Negro named Conley. He was suspected, thrown into jail, and, so far as the public is concerned, for a while forgotten. It turned out that this Negro, who was supposed to be illiterate, could write, and in the course of time it was proved that he was the writer of two pencil notes. Both of these notes, purporting to be written by Mary Phagan herself, and both in differing phraseology, but the phraseology in both cases distinctly that of a coarse and uneducated Negro, accused a "tall, black Negro" as perpetrator of the assault upon her. These notes cannot be quoted here, but such phrases as "night-witch" and "long, sleam, tall Negro" indicate a Negro hand, and other phrases indicate an uneducated Negro mind. Conley at first swore that he could not write. Then, when it was proved that he could write, he swore that he wrote these notes at Frank's dictation. The jury was asked to believe that the white man Frank had told this short, stocky Negro to write two notes which should appear to be written by Mary Phagan herself explaining how she herself was murdered by a tall, black Negro, and stating that she wrote them while she was being assaulted! Incredible as it may seem, this explanation was received by the crowd as the true explanation, and on the testimony of this man Conley (who, it is significant, was the opposite of tall and "sleam" and black, being short and stocky and light-brown) Frank was convicted. Without Conley's testimony it is impossible to believe that even a terrorized jury would have brought in a verdict of guilty.

Whether the testimony at the trial was convincing or not, however, is entirely immaterial in considering the real significance of the Frank case. What makes this case a noted one, not to be forgotten in the history of American trials, is the spirit that pervaded the court-room and its environs—the spirit of the mob.

The court-room was thronged with a hostile crowd of people. The jury had to pass through this crowd. The militia was ready for action. The newspapers by their accounts had lashed the common people of the city into deeper and deeper indignation. The crowd in the court-room was demonstrative in approval of the accusers of Frank. There were some expressions of hostility to the prisoner because he was a Jew, but those expressions, so far as we are informed, were not prevailing. What was uppermost in the minds of those who were indignant was the fact that the accused represented the employing class, while the victim was an employee. There can be no doubt that the attitude of the mob around the court-house and the throng in the court-room itself was a determining factor in the conduct of the case. This is demonstrated by the simple fact that the Judge and the counsel did not dare to have the prisoner present in the court-room when the verdict was rendered; for if the verdict was "Not Guilty" there was obvious danger to the jurors, and if the verdict was "Guilty" there was obvious danger to the prisoner. Because of this mob spirit the prisoner's right to be present and face his accusers when the verdict was brought in was disregarded.

Against the verdict of guilty rendered under such circumstances Frank took his appeal to the State Supreme Court, and then to the United States Supreme Court. Frank's absence from the court-room at the time of the verdict was one of the grounds on which a new trial was sought. For purely technical reasons this ground of appeal has never been considered in full by any court in Frank's case. The State Supreme Court held that that question ought to have been raised at a certain stage of the proceedings, and since it was not raised then it could not be raised at all; and the United States Supreme Court has said that this is a question of procedure which is to be determined solely by the State courts. The mob spirit that kept Frank out of the court-room at that critical time could itself be brought before the bar of the Court only by passing upon this question of Frank's absence. Thus it happens that no court has considered on its merits this plea of a prisoner against the lynching spirit. If Frank is executed, it will be, not because he was tried merely by a jury, but because he was tried by a mob upon whose verdict no court has pronounced.

The Judge who presided at the trial himself gave, in his answer to a petition for a new trial, sufficient reason for doubting the wisdom of the verdict of the mob spirit in this case. "It has given me," he said, "more concern than any other case I was ever in, and I want to say right here that, although I heard the evidence and arguments during those thirty days, I do not know this morning whether Leo Frank is innocent or guilty." And when

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the case came before the Supreme Court of the United States, Justice Holmes, with the concurrence of Justice Hughes, spoke in part as follows :

Mob law does not become due process of law by securing the assent of a terrorized jury. We are not speaking of mere disorder or mere irregularities in procedure, but of a case where the processes of justice are actually subverted. . . .

This is not a matter for polite presumptions; we must look facts in the face. Any judge who has sat with juries knows that in spite of forms they are extremely likely to be impregnated by the environing atmosphere. And when we find the judgment of the expert on the spot, of the judge whose business it was to preserve not only form but substance, to have been that, if one juryman yielded to the reasonable doubt that he himself later expressed in court as the result of most anxious deliberation, neither prisoner nor counsel would be safe from the rage of the crowd, we think the presumption overwhelming that the jury responded to the passions of the mob. . . .

It may be on a hearing a different complexion would be given to the Judge's alleged request and expression of fear. But, supposing the alleged facts to be true, we are of the opinion, if they were before the Supreme Court, it sanctioned a situation upon which the courts of the United States should act, and if for any reason they were not before the Supreme Court it is our duty to act upon them now, and to declare lynch law as little valid when practiced by a regularly drawn jury as when administered by one elected by a mob intent on death.

This is the case of Leo M. Frank. It is not an ordinary case of murder; it is not an ordinary case of lynching. The question that is involved is whether the State of Georgia will allow lynch law to invade its courts.

IPHIGENIA IN THE STADIUM

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

A CLOUDY, gray sky, with a chilly sprinkle of rain, hung over the Harvard Stadium. Outside were automobiles, parked by the score, but inside was a temple of ancient Tauris, gray and somber, with archaic symbols on its broad, two-leaved portal, and an altar below, set in the center of what seemed at first a great tesselated marble pavement of gray and black and white. In reality, it was a gigantic piece of canvas painted with circle and line in curious and mystic pattern, ready for the choric grouping and weaving of the captive Greek maidens in the service of Artemis. Behind and around, on the rising tiers of the great amphitheater, thousands of modern Athenians, old and young, sat in fur wraps and mackintoshes in the penetrating air of a Bostonian May, eager to behold the prehistoric scene.

A Greek play seems far off and alien from even the modern Athens. But in the "Iphigenia in Tauris" Euripides went into still remoter scenes among the barbarians. This gray temple was not in Greece, but afar in the Friendless Seas beyond the Symplegades, where the savage King Thoas ruled, and where every stranger landing on the rocky shore was seized and sacrificed to the goddess. The altar was blood-stained, the ritual cruel and heathen. Nothing more remote in sympathy from to-day can well be imagined. Yet when the two-leaved portal opened, and Iphigenia, in her priestess robes, came forth and stood, reciting in clear, sweet tones her hapless story of sacrifice and exile, and her terrible dream of her brother Orestes's death, which meant the end of her last hope of rescue from this alien land, the genius of Euripides reached across the centuries and made itself at home even with the school-children in the top rows. They were Boston school-children, it is true, but it would have been the same in Chicago or San Francisco—where, by the way, Margaret Anglin, on the other side of the continent, is trying the same experiment that Granville Barker is doing in the East with the Greek play in English.

A few days before the performance in the Harvard Stadium the same presentation of this Greek play was made in the Yale Bowl. A picture on another page shows one of the scenes as staged by Granville Barker. Other colleges are to have, under his management, open-air Greek drama.

The Greek unities result in a splendid simplicity. Yet the Greeks were even fonder

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of problem plays than the modern dramatist. "Iphigenia in Tauris" (written about 412 B.C.) is no less exciting because its problem is stated rather than acted, and every one who knows Euripides knows how startlingly modern his heroines are in their psychological reflexes. Consider a priestess of the bloody rite of Artemis in exile because the goddess has saved her from the altar in Aulis where she was decoyed by her father in pretense of being married to the hero Achilles. She has known the knife at her throat, the host of Greeks waiting to see her die in order to gain for their ships a favorable wind, and there, as in a trance, has been reft away to dwell with her captive maidens among the barbarous Tauri. Consider that to her altar of horror there come, cast up by the sea, her brother Orestes and his friend Pylades, and that, unknowing, she makes ready to sacrifice them, and then hears from Orestes, not only who he is, but that he is pursued by the Furies for having killed her mother and his, Clytemnestra, for her crime in murdering their father, Agamemnon. If any modern playwright started with that situation, simplicity would be difficult.

But that is because the moderns have not the grand style. Euripides has it, and the English rhymed translation of Gilbert Murray gives it in full measure. From the moment that Iphigenia's clear-cadenced voice broke the stillness the spell of the glorious verse was on all who listened. And to this verse Granville Barker has added a charm of brilliant color and vivid form that satisfies the eye without distracting it. It was not Greek color that stood out against the gray of the temple walls, but archaic and barbarian color and line. The orange and blue and green and black of the robes of the chorus, the terra-cotta kilts and black and white geometric-patterned leggins of the soldiery of King Thoas, and even the barbarian king's flaming red square-cut beard and pagoda-like headdress with birds perched on its upper tier, were somehow subtly symbolic. Whether or not the Greek chorus actually used such choric weavings, such swaying of green-leaved wands, such treading of circles, such liquid chants to minor chords, it is certain that among the Tauri they did not seem out of the way. Gilbert Murray has said of "Iphigenia" that "the lyrics are full of sea-light and the clash of waters," and they sounded so in these musical, haunting chants of women's voices. Of course the Greeks did not have the violin; but they had the flute and lyre; and the slow melody of the hidden orchestra of violins and wind instruments supported the chorus in exquisite fashion.

The Greek tragedies—though "Iphigenia" is not a tragedy as far as the end is concerned—are the best open-air plays in the world. No pageant can strike the magnificent chords of such a drama as this. In hearing it, also, one realizes that the Greeks, as far as their serious drama was concerned, had only and always miracle and mystery plays, so to speak. The human part of the problem marched always with the will of the gods. This explains, perhaps, the grand style. Iphigenia's sacrifice, her exile, her tragic loneliness and grief, are all bound up with Artemis. The horror of Orestes's deed is decreed by the gods, and cleansed by them in the end. And Iphigenia, as she tricks the savage king and bears away at the risk of her own life the image of the goddess, because Apollo has commanded Orestes to bring it back to Hellas, cries out in moving appeal:

> "Forgive
> My theft this day, and let these brave men live.
> Dost thou not love thy brother, Holy One?
> What marvel if I also love mine own?"

There was comic relief in the herdsmen of Thoas, and the particolored soldiers, and the wild royal red-beard with his prodigious shouting voice. Not only the school-children laughed at him and his discomfiture, but the whole audience. Yet the play ended on a note of pure beauty when above his ridiculous raging the thunder pounded and the stately figure of Athena appeared on the temple wall, armed with helmet and shield, against the sunset clouds, while the last rays of sunlight touched the gray doors with gold. The day had cleared, and in the still air came the voice of the goddess:

> "'Tis well, O King. For that which needs must be
> Holdeth the high gods as it holdeth thee."

The music sank on the air. The king knelt and worshiped and marched away with his men. The chorus slowly vanished. Only the temple doors were still touched with the light of the sunset, and something of that light lingered, too, in the hearts of those who had seen and heard.

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A BOY SCOUTS' MOBILIZATION

ON the afternoon of May 8 some companies of Boy Scouts from Hudson River towns played an extempore drama in the streets of Dobbs Ferry which demonstrated the kind of training most needed by this undisciplined generation of young Americans. This experiment in practical community service was intended to give the troops practice in quick response to an unexpected call for aid in some simulated disaster, like a railway wreck, a fire, a search for a lost child, or an emergency requiring the protection of telegraph lines or the water supply.

This first call for mobilization was issued to the seventeen troops between Peekskill and Yonkers on Saturday morning; they were told to assemble at three o'clock that afternoon at Dobbs Ferry, and to come as completely equipped as possible. They were not told the reason for the emergency call. When the sixteen troops which responded marched up the steep streets of the village, their flags and pennants flying and their long wooden staves gleaming like silver in the bright May sunshine, they looked both resourceful and alert—Young America at a point of real efficiency. As they swung into the street leading to the headquarters tent, the scout-master-in-charge directed each troop scout-master to station his company at the side of the street and to send a report at once to the headquarters tent, giving the number of his boys present and a list of the various articles of equipment his troop had brought. At headquarters these reports were quickly jotted down on a large chart, so that those in command of the work could see at a glance just where supplies could be found—which troop, for instance, had brought blankets, which had shelter tents, cooking outfits, pails, ropes, "first aid" kits, or bicycles.

When the inspection of the troops was completed, the reason for the mobilization was disclosed. A courier from headquarters ran breathlessly up to the scout-master of Troop One of Irvington and handed him a note. The scout-master glanced at it and turned to his troop.

"The emergency is an imaginary railway wreck," he said. "We must rescue and care for the injured. There are a dozen or so victims lying near the station. You, Jones, and you, Smith," he nodded to the two largest boys, "take the 'first aid' kit and run down to the station as fast as you can. You are to help scouts from other troops carry the injured to the field hospitals." Instantly the two boys were off. "The rest of you fellows"—the scout-master turned to the eager faces about him—"go over to the vacant lot behind the headquarters tent, and help stake off ground for a field hospital. How much rope have you?"

"Fifty feet, sir," somebody answered.

"That won't be enough, but do the best you can. The two of you with axes are detailed to help make fires for cooking cocoa and coffee."

When the scout-master went over to the busy scene of hospital-making a few minutes later, he found that the inadequate fifty feet of rope had been pieced out to the necessary length by a lavish use of neckties. "Good emergency work," he said, smiling at this rainbow side of the inclosure.

Meanwhile the courier had hastened to the other troops, giving each scout-master a slip of directions what to do with his scouts and their equipment. All at once the street seemed alive with hurrying little figures in khaki. But there was no confusion, for previous training counted. From several troops the largest boys set off at a lope for the railway station. There the "injured" were awaiting rescue—a dozen or so of the smallest boys from different troops who had been assigned to this rôle by those in charge of the mobilization. Each boy had a tag on his right arm stating the nature of his injury. One had a "dislocated left shoulder," another "severed artery in left arm," others had such injuries as "compound fracture of the right thigh," "forehead badly cut," "right wrist sprained," etc. It was the business of the rescuers to know from their scout training the best way of handling each case until proper hospital attention could be given.

Although the boys in the rescuing party were strangers to each other, they worked over the injured as if they were all from one troop. They improvised a stretcher by thrusting two staves into the sleeves of coats and used this for the fractured-thigh victim; others were supported or carried "saddle-fashion," as best suited their imaginary condition. Of course the rescuers immediately made a tourniquet for the "severed artery" case and

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stanched the bleeding of the "badly cut" forehead. All of this was done with surprising seriousness. The real thing could not have been attended to more earnestly.

The procession trudged slowly and manfully up the steep, hot hill, their faces scarlet and perspiring, yet no one made an attempt to put down the burden he was carrying. As for the injured, they played their parts so well that it was hard to believe they were not suffering. The "broken forearm" hung limply; the "sprained left ankle" was held off the ground every second; the boy with the "fractured jaw" kept his hand to his face with a look of anguish. As for the boy with the "dislocated left shoulder," he looked so pale as he was carried past a bystander that she stepped forward and spoke to him. "Are you really hurt?" she asked. There was no answer. The head dropped forward, the eyelids fluttered, then closed. The bystander looked quickly around for a doctor or a policeman. "Don't worry, ma'am," said one of the boys who was carrying him. "He's just pretending. It's part of the game, you know," he added, politely.

A detail of scouts guarded the entrance to the lot where the field hospitals had been established. As the injured were carried through this entrance a scout noted their names, the nature of their injuries, the troop number, and that of the field hospital where each case was to go for treatment. Training like this is invaluable in rescue work at a real disaster.

When the rescuing party made its way past this entrance, it found the field hospitals in readiness. Staves driven into the ground formed the support for the ropes which served as a barrier against the crowds of bystanders. Blankets were spread out; shelter tents were ready to receive the more serious cases; "first aid" kits were opened and ready for use. Scouts stood at attention with canteens of drinking water and paper cups. The most experienced lads had their sleeves rolled up, like amateur surgeons, and were ready to bandage the wounds of the sufferers. At a little distance other scouts were engaged in making cocoa and coffee; their staves formed the tripod on which the pails containing these beverages were hung. They had been obliged to forage for fuel and to light each fire with the scout allowance of two matches each. In fact, every phase of the day's work tested their knowledge of the Boy Scout ritual and their ability to obey promptly and effectively.

This successful experiment proves the value of such practice in community aid. And it offers a significant contrast, in its civic and National import, to the *Kriegspiel* played by the youths of Germany. The *Kriegspiel* in its essence is destructive; the Boy Scout mobilization is wholly constructive.

ALL AMERICA IN CONFERENCE

BY JOHN BARRETT

DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION

WHEN, on Monday of this week, President Wilson welcomes the delegates of Latin America to the Pan-American Financial Conference, assembled in the dignified Hall of the Americas in the Pan-American Building at Washington, shown in pictures on another page, he will probably set in motion international machinery which will work a mighty change in the financial, commercial, and transportation relations of the United States with its sister American republics. No such notable gathering of prominent men from Central and South America has been brought together in this country since the meeting of the first Pan-American Conference in the winter of 1889–90. In the twenty-five years that have passed since then, there has been a slow but gradual growth in Pan-American commerce and comity. In the last few years, however—and particularly during the last year, or since the European war began—there has been an extraordinary growth of interest throughout both North and South America in the development of closer relations of both commerce and politics. The propaganda which the Pan-American Union, the official international organization of all the American republics dedicated to the development of good understanding,

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friendly intercourse, and peace among them, seems now to be bearing perfect fruit, and the feeling pervades the country that a new era of Pan-American solidarity and common interest is dawning.

Recognizing the remarkable change in the Pan-American financial and commercial situation brought about by the war, and wishing to do something on a broad, practical line to better the unfortunate conditions resulting from the war, Secretary McAdoo recommended to President Wilson, and secured the authorization of Congress, that there should be assembled in Washington a Pan-American Financial Conference composed of the Ministers of Finance and representative financial men of the Latin-American republics, and the representative bankers, financiers, and commercial leaders of the United States. The call was issued in March for the meeting to be held in Washington during the week of May 24–29. Almost without delay every Government invited manifested its interest by responding favorably, and there are in attendance approximately sixty chosen men from eighteen countries of Latin America. The only Governments not participating are Mexico and Haiti, and their absence is due to peculiar political conditions. The class of men who, moreover, have accepted Secretary McAdoo's invitation to take part as representatives of United States financial and commercial interests is evidence of the importance which they attach to this gathering. To be, moreover, in a sense, honorary but active members of the Conference, the Secretary of the Treasury invited the diplomatic representatives of the Latin-American governments, the Cabinet officers, Federal Reserve officers, assistant secretaries of the State and Treasury Departments, and the Director-General of the Pan-American Union.

The programme of questions submitted by the Secretary of the Treasury for the consideration of the delegates is divided into seven heads, as follows: (1) Public Finance; (2) The Monetary Situation; (3) The Present Banking Situation; (4) The Financing of Public Improvements; (5) The Financing of Private Enterprises; (6) The Extension of Inter-American Markets; (7) Merchant Marine and Improved Transportation Facilities. Each of these general subjects is, in turn, subdivided into four or five subordinate sections, covering such points as conditions prior and subsequent to the outbreak of the European war; possibilities of international co-operation; uniform monetary standards; establishment of branch banks and direct dollar exchange; improvement of discount and credit facilities; underwriting of national, provincial, municipal, and private loans; financing of seasonable crops; greater uniformity in the laws relating to customs regulations, trade-marks, copyrights, etc.; increased and improved ocean transportation facilities; and improved postal facilities and parcels post. While this is only a partial list of the topics to be discussed, it gives an idea of the scope and significance of the Conference.

Probably the greatest interest felt by both the delegates of Latin America and the representatives of the financial and commercial interests of the United States is in the three following propositions: First, the betterment of banking, exchange, discount, and credit facilities; second, the development of more favorable conditions for placing in the United States the official and private loans of the Latin-American countries, which before the war were largely placed in Europe; and, third, the improvement of first-class mail, passenger, and freight steamship service between the principal ports of the United States and those of many of the Latin-American countries.

A favorable feature for the accomplishment of tangible results by this Conference is the remarkable feeling of mutual interest, common sympathy, and real solidarity of purpose existing now among the governments and peoples of the New World. The European conflict, while a terrible calamity to civilization, has made the American Governments and peoples realize more keenly than possibly they have done since the declaration of the Monroe Doctrine that they must develop the closest ties of both commerce and comity. It is gratifying, under these conditions, that the magazines and newspapers, public speakers and writers, and the average men of both North and South America have been during the last year saying more kind things about friendly co-operation among the American republics and peoples than they have ever done before. If, therefore, this feeling can reach a culmination in the form of results which will have a permanently beneficial effect upon the inter-relationship of the nations and peoples of North and South America, everybody will be grateful to President Wilson and Secretary McAdoo for having shown the wisdom of calling this Conference together.

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THE CASE OF WILLIAM BARNES

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

*At the request of The Outlook, Mr. Frederick M. Davenport, former New York State Senator, went to Syracuse during the closing days of the libel suit brought by William Barnes against Theodore Roosevelt in order to make a study of the plaintiff's appearance and testimony on the witness-stand. Mr. Davenport is now Professor of Law and Politics at Hamilton College; he is the author of the series of articles on "Progress and Reaction in the West" now appearing from week to week in these pages; he was a Republican State Senator in New York in 1909 and 1910, and was the nominee for Governor of the Progressive party of New York in 1914. He knows as well as any man in the State the theory and practice of machine politics, and has been one of the leaders in the revolt against the kind of bossism which has been on trial at Syracuse. Readers of the following account of the trial from Senator Davenport's pen will, we are confident, feel that they are getting accurate and intimate interpretation of the men and questions involved.—*THE EDITORS.

THE closing days of the trial at Syracuse were technically given over to rebuttal by the plaintiff, William Barnes. Actually the case towards its conclusion came more and more to assume the aspect of the trial of William Barnes, defendant, and of the system which he represents. Theodore Roosevelt upon the witness-stand, whether under direct or cross examination, was aggressive, open, smiling, unruffled, frank to the furthermost limit, insisting sometimes against the protest of his own lawyers that every letter and every shred of evidence in any way connected with him should go upon the record. William Barnes upon direct examination by his own counsel was cool, self-controlled, wary, taking care to see that there were no rocks ahead and that all obstacles were removed from his path before he answered. When he smiled, it was the smile of the cat about to eat the canary. But upon cross-examination his voice sank almost into a whisper, so low that the stenographer could not hear him and the Court was obliged to admonish him to speak louder. He sometimes looked at the jury and frequently at his questioner, but not for long. His eyes rolled continually towards the ceiling, towards the walls, towards the floor. He was uneasy and evasive as compared with Mr. Roosevelt, and seemed bent upon yielding up as little as possible of information and testimony. He appeared to be the defendant in the suit and not the plaintiff at all.

Throughout the trial Mr. Barnes has been the chief beneficiary of the technical rules of evidence, as if he were the defendant whose individual rights were to be protected against invasion by every legal and historic method. Mr. Roosevelt wanted everything in, whether it seemed to reflect on him or on his opponent. Mr. Barnes wanted everything out that could be ruled out if it would be likely to seem to reflect on him. And in granting this very proper historic immunity to Mr. Barnes, the Court once seemed to overstep the limits of caution and of logic. It was upon the admission of evidence of alleged corrupt bi-partisan relation between Mr. Barnes and the McCabe Democratic organization in the county of Albany, which was exceptionally illuminating, and which Mr. Bowers of the Roosevelt counsel explained to the Court in detail. The Court ruled it out on the ground that it had to do with the county and not the State government, and in defense of the ruling employed what appears to be a fallacious illustration. Said the Judge in substance to Mr. Bowers: "If this were the case of the prosecution of an alleged thief, it would not be competent to show that he had committed some other crime at some other place." The rejoinder of Mr. Bowers was conclusive. "No," said he, in substance; "but if it should appear that at some other time and place the man had formerly been a thief, it would be competent and relevant to show it." Nevertheless the Judge ruled out the evidence.

A similar fate befell the testimony as to the printing scandal at Albany and Mr. Barnes's alleged connection with it. Careless extravagance, great waste, and a strong presumption of fraud were shown in the content of the printing contracts of the city and county of Albany and of the State of

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New York. It appeared that the Albany "Evening Journal," which the Roosevelt counsel spoke of as William Barnes incorporated, had generally a firm grip upon the printing patronage except when the Democrats were in power. But the "Evening Journal" had not the facilities itself to fulfill the contracts. Therefore other printing establishments—the Democratic "Argus," the J. B. Lyon Company, of Albany—did the work and paid "trade discounts" and "commissions" to the "Evening Journal," running up to fifteen and sometimes twenty-five per cent and "salaries" and "gifts" of stock to William Barnes. Many thousands of dollars of checks from the "Journal" profits going to William Barnes were read into the record. The Roosevelt counsel offered evidence to show that Mr. Barnes had sought to exercise his official power and that of his friends to secure the printing business for himself, and that he profited by the widespread waste and needless expenditure and alleged fraud both as a stockholder of the Lyon Company and as President and stockholder of the Journal Company, and particularly as a printing broker and go-between—a function which he came more and more to assume as his political influence grew.

The Court ruled that there must be stronger and closer evidence that, by the use of direct political influence, this corruption, if there was corruption, was brought about. The Roosevelt counsel thereupon urged that the evidence showed that Mr. Barnes had besought Platt to get him the printing; that he had almost daily conferences with Attorney-General Davies, who was a member of the printing board, on the matter; that he had besought Governor Roosevelt in writing to abandon the plan for a State printing plant on the ground that such a change of policy would be his financial ruin. They also intimated that the Judge should take into consideration the system under which the corruption goes on. Mr. Barnes's finally complete dominance at Albany was demonstrated even by his own testimony on the stand. "I then sent for Elon R. Brown," the leader of the Senate. "I then sent for Senator Brackett and Mr. Merritt, and asked them if they would come to my house, which they did." With every show of the *ennui* of the burdened boss, he told of the volume of "advice" which daily he was called upon to administer. Public officials and legislators flocked to him like iron filings to a magnet. What is the use of asking proof, urged the Roosevelt counsel, that Mr. Barnes continued to exercise direct political influence in quest of the printing that might come to him through favor? The time came soon when it was unnecessary for him to do this. The machine docility of those who controlled printing affairs was such that the patronage printing came to him by the force of gravitation. The subtle psychology of the boss system worked it out. But the Judge stood by the technical view, left nothing to inference, removed the whole matter from the consideration of the jury—all of which benefited Mr. Barnes as if he were the defendant.

Mr. Barnes's counsel, Mr. Ivins, compared his client with Benjamin Franklin, who was chosen clerk of the General Assembly in 1766, a proceeding which Franklin averred was very pleasing because it secured for him "the business of printing the votes, laws, paper money, and other occasional jobs for the public that, on the whole, was very profitable." In the distraction over the Lusitania tragedy the cartoonists have missed a chance. What an opportunity to sketch "Benjamin Franklin" Barnes walking to his print-shop in the early morning munching a roll and carrying another under his arm!

Presiding Justice Andrews was thoroughly good-natured, but firm and strong in the mechanics of the court-room, holding the scales evenly between plaintiff and defendant so far as technical right in the conduct of the case is concerned. In all these respects he was patently honest and fair and left nothing to be desired. His general ruling upon what is and what is not public corruption was broad and rational, and extended the meaning of the term beyond the mere receiving of a pecuniary consideration to that which is manifestly improper and faithless to public duty. Whether his later applications of this ruling are good law or not is for the courts of final jurisdiction to determine, but, if they are the law, it is for the people, the ultimate sovereignty, to say whether they approve of such law. For example, he took out of the case and away from the jury, so far as justification of the alleged libel is concerned, all the evidence of alliance between Mr. Barnes and the Democratic machine in defeating the Agnew-Hart Race-Track Bill, on the ground that it was not improper to oppose or support the race-track legislation. He kept from the jury, so far as evidence in justification is concerned, the inferential testimony that Mr. Barnes and Mr.

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Murphy's representative Grady collaborated to defeat Governor Hughes in his fight for a larger popular freedom through the direct primary, holding that it was not improper to oppose or to support the Hughes measure. But he did rule that it might be improper, if it could be proved, that Mr. Barnes entered into collusion with Mr. Murphy to hold the line solid until Murphy could elect his candidate for United States Senator. In other words, it is corrupt and treacherous, if it can be proved, for Mr. Barnes to unite his mind and power with Mr. Murphy's in the election of a mere public officer; but it is not improper, corrupt, faithless, or treacherous for William Barnes to unite with Democrats in defeating Governor Hughes's Race-Track Bill, which was designed to make the Constitution applicable to both sides of the race-track fence and to prevent the Constitution from being made the tool of a powerful privileged racing syndicate. And it is not improper, corrupt, faithless, or treacherous for William Barnes to assist Grady in stifling in the State of New York a National movement toward the direct primary and the control of a people over the nomination of their own candidates for public office. If it was treacherous to the party organization or to public duty in case Mr. Barnes is proved to have been in collusion with Mr. Murphy about the United States Senatorship, why would it not be treacherous to party organization and to public duty for the dominant Republican leader Barnes to be in collusion with Mr. Murphy's representative Grady to defeat the direct primary measure, which was intended to break the machine shackles and which had the support of the Republican President of the United States, Mr. Taft, the Republican United States Senator, Mr. Root, the Republican Governor of the State, Mr. Hughes, and the majority of the Republicans in the Senate and Assembly if in 1910 they had been allowed to caucus freely on the measure?

Now that the legal struggle is over, it is clear that it has been Mr. Barnes and the system that he represents which has really been on trial before the court of public opinion. The preamble to the New York Constitution reads: "We, the people of the State of New York, grateful to Almighty God for our freedom, and in order to secure its blessings, do establish this Constitution." The machine system of politics has set up an authority outside the Legislature in opposition to freedom and in opposition to the Constitution. Mr. Barnes on the witness-stand amused more than one listener when he spoke of the *con*vention system, with the accent invariably on the "con." The "con" element in machine control in the United States has been large, and it is now well spread on the record of the Syracuse Court. But in a deeper sense the American people see in the light of this trial how great an invisible menace to democracy has been gnawing at the vitals of the Republic. Mr. Roosevelt at Syracuse has been fighting the battle of free speech and free institutions. Mr. Barnes is a natural Tory who believes that the people are not fit to rule. The trial at Syracuse began on the 19th of April, just one hundred and forty years after the Battle of Lexington. It symbolizes the revolt of a people determined to be free against a system of bi-partisan machine intrigue in which there has been no need for physical contact of powerful bosses, no necessary communication by letter, telegraph, or telephone, but in which natural community of machine interest has brought about natural community of action and consequent tyranny, inefficiency, and corruption in the government of the commonwealth.

Some of the sidelights in the closing days of the trial were amusing. Great exertion was made by Mr. Barnes's counsel to show that their client was favorably disposed, in private conference with legislators and in one public letter, towards the insurgent Democratic candidacy of Thomas Mott Osborne for United States Senator in 1911, but that the mysterious independence of legislators stood in his way. After having caused Mr. Barnes to testify that he was responsible for the editorial policy and opinions of his Albany "Evening Journal," Mr. Bowers, of the Roosevelt counsel, read into the record editorial after editorial in which the claims of Thomas Mott Osborne to the Senatorship were during that period ridiculed without mercy and laughed out of sight. Obviously another phase of good old, bad old Jekyll and Hyde! During the searching cross-examination by Mr. Bowers, Jekyll Barnes and Journal Hyde were again and again commingled in inextricable confusion.

It was also amusing to observe all through the trial the manner in which Mr. Barnes's counsel patiently followed up every lead in the fond expectation of finally discrediting Mr. Roosevelt. Their syllogism seemed to

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be: All men are crooked; Mr. Roosevelt is a man, therefore he must be crooked somewhere. But the cross-examination ended and the quest failed. Even the Roosevelt errors appeared to have been made through too great faith in cunning machine captains who were steering him wrong and through an over-anxiety to play square even with his foes. The counsel for Mr. Barnes were sure that the libelous malice of the technical defendant originated in 1912, when William Barnes prevented Theodore Roosevelt from securing the coveted nomination for President in place of William Howard Taft! They had no conception whatever of the truth that Mr. Roosevelt was making a fight for democracy and human welfare against Toryism and reaction because nobody else was just then in a position to make the fight as well as he; that he was not looking for the burden of the Presidency, but for the triumph of the cause of democracy; and that he would far rather have Mr. Taft or any other man President if thereby the cause could win.

Again, it was amusing when the Barnes counsel solemnly brought a long string of patient Assemblymen and Senators, most of them of the organization and machine type, to swear that Mr. Barnes did not suggest to them how they should vote in the Senatorial contest of 1911. Mr. Bowers for Colonel Roosevelt let them all go without cross-examination, content to point out to the jury that they had insinuating hints on the matter from day to day through the editorials in the columns of the Albany "Evening Journal."

Of course the dominant machine boss is never obliged directly to ask his henchmen in the Senate or Assembly to do anything. But they get word somehow, some way. For a long time—according to the experience of most insiders—there have been three kinds of legislators at Albany: the so-called independents, few in number, whom the boss has to catch with a lasso if he gets them at all; the so-called organization Senators and Assemblymen, who are bridle-wise and broken to harness, but who occasionally kick over the traces; and, finally, the pure machine legislators, who will stand all day and all night without hitching, and whom the boss can lead around with a tow string. The third group and many of the second can scent orders from a great distance. Again the subtle psychology of the boss system! Mr. Barnes himself expressed it admirably in words which Mr. Roosevelt put in evidence: "Mr. Barnes told me that it was not necessary ordinarily for a boss to issue orders to men in the organization, to legislators, or to public officials, because organization men, legislators, and officials found out for themselves very speedily and without the boss needing to say a word, that it was impossible for them to get consideration for their bills, or to get renominations for themselves, or to get campaign funds, unless they did what they were expected to do. He told me that they quickly learned that it was to their interest to find out what the organization wanted and to do it. 'You know yourself, Colonel Roosevelt,' he said to me, 'that Senator Platt doesn't bully. He doesn't have to. The man who wants to go ahead for himself finds out that he cannot do so unless he does what the boss asks. It is not necessary to give orders. It is clearly understood that the men who stand by the organization will find the organization standing by them. It is understood that the man who doesn't do what he is told gets punished.'"

There are many things, too, in the trial which challenge sober reflection. The marvelously long Platt letter which Platt signed but never wrote (bearing the marks of some clever lawyer), the quintessence of corporate legal craft to twist the judgment of Governor Roosevelt about the bill to tax the franchises of the great public utilities—a human document of great value, revealing the remarkable astuteness of the invisible government operating though the chief engineer of the Republican machine; the studied attempt of the powerful machine captains to set Roosevelt at loggerheads with Hughes so that the two in a measure misapprehended and misunderstood each other in the crisis which needed the best that was in them both: it is all in the record, and much more—a mine of sworn testimony for the students of political science in the United States. And through it all runs as clear as the light the story that day by day, in the most practical way he knew, Theodore Roosevelt was fighting the fight of the American people, giving blow for blow, in the post of danger, in the place of sacrifice. The final rulings and the verdict at Syracuse are unknown when this article is written, but the distinguished technical defendant can calmly await the verdict of history.

FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT.

Syracuse, New York,
Monday, May 17.

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WHY MEXICO IS A THORN IN OUR SIDE

BY CASPAR WHITNEY

FOURTH ARTICLE: THE LEADERS OF ANARCHY IN MEXICO

This is the last of Mr. Whitney's series of articles. The previously published articles, in the issues of May 5, 12, and 19, respectively, deal with "The Plight of Americans in Mexico," "Have American Business Men Any Rights in Mexico?" and "What Mexicans Have Endured."—THE EDITORS.

MEXICO has now reached the third stage of the cycle, and unless a powerful friend comes to her rescue a dictator is about due; but it will take a strong man to pull her from the depth of anarchy into which she has fallen, and, unless it be Francisco Villa, no one in sight appears likely to grow up to the task.

Carranza had his chance, and failed ignominiously. Barren of executive ability, though replete with a nimble pettifogging spirit, he roused the scorn and hatred of all Mexico outside of his immediate camp. That he is also stupid was clearly shown by his patently envious and unreasonable attitude towards Villa, whose fealty he could have retained by fair conduct and unbroken agreement. Carranza could have brought peace to Mexico when first he entered the city in August, 1914, to confer with Carbajal—who had been appointed Provisional President on the flight of Huerta—had he been aught but an arbitrary, vain obstructionist. Had he the patriotism he vaunts or been faithful to the principles he continually boasts, a provisional government which the United States would cheerfully have recognized and encouraged could then and there have been arranged. Every one in Mexico outside the lawless elements were at that time keen to get behind him for peace and order had he shown the smallest realization of his duty, his opportunity, or the need of his country. But he put harmony out of the question by his assumption of authority over men he did not control and of an uprightness he does not possess, as I have tangible evidence to prove. Instead of taking up the problems of government, he devoted his time and effort to searching out the "enemies" of the cause to confiscate what property they had, or perhaps to kill them if they had none. Not to be actively aligned with the Carranza host was to be branded an "enemy;" no estate was too small to loot, no home or family safe against intrusion.

The second Carranza occupation of Mexico City, beginning in January, 1915, under General Alvaro Obregon, repeats the story of the first with slight variation; there is the same search for money under cloak of hunting out the "enemies of the cause," the same reprisals, the same barbarous disregard of *el pueblo* while posing as their champion, the same faithlessness to the very principles for which they claim to be fighting, the same arrogance of speech and conduct—ludicrous in its upstart braggadocio to the onlooker, but grievous to the natives who must endure and suffer its insolent and cruelly unjust mandates.

Both Obregon and his "First Chief" hate Mexico City and its people, who have never opened their arms to either of the two and loathe both of them for the misery endured under the thievery and domineering of the first occupation.

Of the paltry creatures that the whirligig of revolution has given temporary prominence from time to time in Mexico, Venustiano Carranza is the most pretentious and the least promising. Mirth-provoking he is, however, in his roller-chair capital, fulminating dreadful threats against Villa as he pushes out of reach, now beckoning the foreign diplomats to follow, anon proclaiming himself all of the law and the prophets, and ever issuing manifesto after manifesto breathing solicitude for the working classes.

Here are examples of that solicitude: When he came first to Mexico City, he took over the national system of railways, and shortly closed them down, throwing a thousand or more clerks and other employees out of work; when he headed his capital-on-wheels for Vera Cruz, he left the Government employees not only out of work but unpaid; he closed schools, suppressed newspapers, diverted charity institutional income, and nullified Villa money in the City (after paying off employees in the Government offices with the same bills the day

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before), thus bringing the poor to the verge of starvation. I should explain that there is no money in circulation in Mexico except the paper bills issued by the multiple so-called governments, and every chief carries his printing-press along with him. There are Villa, Constitutionalist, Carranza, Federal, and State bills; these have passed all over the country and under the various changing "governments," as otherwise ordinary trade would be most difficult if not impossible. It took Carranza to find a new way to distress the people; he is of the type that invariably makes things more difficult rather than easier.

On the agrarian question Carranza is a ready preacher of division among the lowly and of equalization of taxes; yet in Coahuila State he has large holdings of land which he continues to hold, and the records show he has paid next to nothing in taxes!

Whether or not the varying struggle in Mexico for mastery brings possession to his side, Carranza himself will not survive. He is First Chief, not that his men are loyal to him, but because he is an easy boss to his officers, who do as they please (as I have many substantiated notes to prove), and because Alvaro Obregon, his commanding general, is a bitter hater of Villa—also a pronounced anti-American—as is Carranza.

Eulalio Gutierrez, ex-Provisional President, likewise ex-copper-mine carpenter and roustabout, is to be taken no more seriously in pondering Mexico's future than was Pablo Gonzales when he broke from Carranza, proclaiming himself President from Pachuca, and remained at that town, his men preying on the shops, his officers upon the women, until he fled before Villa.

Lucio Blanco, another of the recent Carranza generals, is to be taken even less seriously than Gutierrez. Originally with Carranza and intrusted with the protection of Mexico City, he fled before the approaching Zapatistas after glowing manifestoes to the people of his unceasing and affectionate loyalty. He wandered around for a time outside the danger zone, and finally deserted Carranza for Villa because Gutierrez promised him a place in his cabinet—why, knowing the man, it would be hard to say. Having been offered a share in the new government Gutierrez was planning, Blanco deserted Villa as he had Carranza. In point of loyalty either to principle or chief, these two are well met; but Gutierrez is the more dangerous. His first prominence came through successfully blowing up Federal trains for the Constitutionalists. As a reward for his bloody record, Carranza made him Governor of San Luis Potosí, where he was a diligent looter, and was the brute who, having had the son of a widow shot because he happened to be of a family that had once held office, sent the nude body to the mother after parading it around the plaza in a cart. When Villa went south, driving Carranza before him, Gutierrez deserted to him; and when Villa went north Gutierrez looted the treasury and jumped the city to set up a government of his own. No doubt he will find his way back again to Carranza, who is not particular and cannot afford to be.

Obregon is the one really strong man among the Carranza generals, and he and Felipi Angeles, of Villa's forces, are probably among the military the two strongest men in Mexico after Villa. Obregon has no respect for his chief, but there is no room for his ambitions in the Villa party, while under Carranza he is unhampered. Of both Obregon and Angeles we are likely to hear later, for each has the presidential bee in his bonnet. Angeles is well born and well educated, the only man on either side of military training. Obregon is a ranchero who looks more like an Irishman than a Mexican and undoubtedly has as much of Ireland in his blood as in his name. Another with a presidential bee is Luis Cabrera, a shrewd lawyer of the city and the political motor of the Carranza party. He is the agitator type of Socialist who never fails to lay upon foreigners all the responsibility for Mexican revolutions.

In contradistinction is Felicitas Villareal, who resigned as Minister of Finance under Carranza rather than indorse one of his fiat-money making schemes; was called to the same office by Villa; stayed by his post when Gutierrez decamped; and was arrested by Carranza when Obregon marched into the city on its evacuation by the Zapatistas. It is not unlikely that Carranza will execute Villareal on some trumped-up charge or other—that is the Carranza way; but, if he is not murdered, he will be an asset to bankrupt Mexico when the day comes that she can set out upon the rehabilitation of her finances. He is one of the very few trustworthy men in public life in Mexico to-day; a man in the political life of Mexico and yet honest! Such is Felicitas Villareal.

Villa is the man to whom almost all those outside the factions look for a solution of the

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present addled condition. It may be that he will not prove equal to the dual task of fighting and playing politics, and the sequence of events following his triumphant entry into Mexico City in November certainly indicates that he was not, or is not yet, equipped for the double game. Yet, without being in any degree intellectual, he is a man of resource, great energy, and force. He is a fighter, and a lustful one, who is at his best when he is in the field on the job—not in the city. He is, too, I believe, more sincere than the others in his expressed wish to bring his country to peace and establish stable government. He has no personal ambition outside of this, he told me; and I credit his assertion, not because he told me so, but because his course since he came prominently before the country as a national leader in the last two years rather corroborates it. He has eased rather than made more difficult, as Carranza has done, the business situation where he could, has set industry a-moving in his own north section, restrained the looting of his men, restricted the sale of pulque, punished graft where he could reach it, has drafted a practical way of adjusting the land or agrarian question, and altogether appears to be a man of common sense—a quality not so often encountered in Mexico.

Yet, grow as he may, Villa will never approach to within hailing distance of the standard of Mexico's strongest and most beneficent dictators, Benito Juarez and Porfirio Diaz. He is not of such dictator timber. He has shown since he entered Mexico City in November, 1914, that he is not indeed a big man in any sense of the word, though one who has done extraordinarily well considering his antecedents. It is as chief of the strong-arm squad (the limit of his potentialities, in my opinion) to squelch one by one the destroying factions, and thus to establish the central control which must precede peace and order and the beginning of government, that he can best serve Mexico.

He is a brutal specimen of low-born man, of the ranchero type; prone to outbursts of furious, ungoverned temper, and capable of any cruelty to gain his end. That he has improved, and, except for occasional raw lapses, is in fact practicing more civilized methods, is due not to change of heart so much as to the common sense to which I have referred, and which is attested further by his acknowledgment to me one day as I sat in his car at Zacatecas that the foreign interests had developed, had made the country, and were an asset he intended doing all he could to protect.

Two virtues he certainly has: (1) he does not drink; and (2) those who have done business with him say that, as a general thing, he keeps his word. These are genuine virtues anywhere.

He can just about sign his name, and it is to his additional credit that he acquired that little of the "three R's" while in jail in Mexico City, where once he was put by the late Señor Victoriano Huerta, who furthermore would have had him shot—he had him, indeed, on the ground for that purpose—but for the intervention of Emilio Madero, who pleaded for Villa's life.

These qualities—common sense and the willingness to learn—comprise at once Villa's promise and the hope in him for Mexico. Is it not eloquent of the extremity to which Mexico is come that such a man should be the one to whom the majority look for deliverance from anarchy?

Villa has fewer men than Carranza—who, by the way, is a general by courtesy and does no fighting—but they are a better-trained force, and Generals Felipi Angeles and Raoul Madero, brother of the murdered President, are two dependable assistants.

Zapata is a consistent but hardly a national figure in the Mexican question; his is guerrilla warfare, and Morelos State his battle-ground, where always he has been a formidable opponent. His followers are the simple-minded, zealous Indians, fighting to regain the land rights which, in their case, have been to some extent taken away without justice and without reimbursement. They are a faithful and, as they showed in Mexico City, an orderly lot. They have fought without pay, almost without food, for a principle, and they are deserving of consideration. But they are not soldiers; they do not constitute an army for such campaigning as Villa must make—not at least in their present shape. They are very difficult to dislodge at home in the brush, but not strong in the open. They are the "bandits" they have been called, because that is the one method of warfare they know. When first they came to Mexico City, they were honest, and even gentle—a strange experience after Carranza.

If Villa is equal to curbing defections in his own party and of adding to his supply of ammunition, he will beat Obregon; if he vanquishes Obregon, he will destroy

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Carranza's chief support; and so only may there be hope of peace coming to Mexico.

And, whether peace comes to Mexico or anarchy continues to reign, it is our move, if we wish to avert the war towards which our present policy is inevitably drifting us; our move, not for conquest, but for the restoration of our lost prestige.

That is what the home folks cannot understand. The uppermost thought in their minds seems to be that "Mr. Wilson did not get us into a war with Mexico." True, not yet, in any large sense; but the way has been prepared, and what that preparation has cost the United States in bantered dignity, in depreciated respect, in American lives and American dollars, is not to be computed.

Nor was there need for the preparation; the Treaty of 1831–48 provided the remedy, and the traditional attitude of the United States pointed the way—not to armed intervention *per se*, but to resoluteness and self-respect; in a word, to the exaction from Mexico of compliance with her treaty obligations.

Had such a determination by our Government been in evidence, there would have been no unbridling of the lawless to kill Americans and seize their property, to ravage the country, to strip the people, to bring ridicule upon the head of Uncle Sam, and to complicate our Monroe Doctrine problems.

Four years ago Mexico was at peace and comparatively prosperous; to-day it is sacked and in anarchy.

It is not a picture fair to contemplate, and the theorists and the academic uplifters, who do not know Mexico, will seek to dispel its horrors and our measure of liability; but the Mexicans are right—our share of responsibility in the making of the shocking conditions at our door is a heavy one.

All the long course of watchful waiting on our border at Douglas, at Naco, at El Paso, has only brought nearer the day of intervention which we all wish to avoid. If we would now escape it, we must repair our standing in Mexico. We must restore respect for our flag, our nationals, our word; we must establish confidence in our will not to interfere, in our friendliness, and in our clean intentions.

This is to be accomplished, not by sentimental speeches, not by itinerant and frequently replaced personal agents, but by an official, definite communication from the President of the United States.

With the active campaign against Huerta before them, how can the Mexicans credit our affirmations of non-interference? As they view the vicious politics of our border flourishing uninterruptedly, with *juntas* busily working at Los Angeles, El Paso, San Antonio, and unchecked infractions of neutrality all along the line, how can they believe in our unbiased friendliness? or in the heralded unselfishness of our interest in Latin America as they muse upon Mr. Bryan's distinctly partisan political activities in San Domingo?

If we are to preach morality to Mexico, we must clean up the political morals of our Texas border. A pet theory of John Lind set up the superiority of the northern Mexican over the southern, because the former comes in contact on the border with the democratic principles of the United States. And where he has come in such contact an election chiefly signifies to him two pesos and a holiday! That's the idea the Mexican gets on the border of our democratic principles.

Whence the impulse or how, sooner or later the United States is destined, for the preservation of peace, to extend help to the Mexicans rather than to view them as an experimental station or encourage them to fight it out. And, if we would give intelligent help, we must study their character and their history, the conditions of their country; we must learn and we must unlearn things.

There is not one iota of evidence in their history or in their present life story to warrant the declaration that they are a people of "dignity, self possession, and great achievements." They have not all or any one of these attributes with which President Wilson has publicly credited them. They are, however, a people of patience, long suffering, great vitality. "Sensitive, but not delicate." A race of children, irresponsible, cheery; swift to turn from bounding good humor to hateful act, as unconscious in their terrible cruelties as a child pulling off the legs of a fly. Polite, emotional, but totally lacking in consideration. They need help to secure the practical training and the education which one day will bring them self-government; we must have, not "spiritual union," but their confidence in our announced intent and their respect for our just might. On no other basis can we help the Mexicans, ignorant yet full of pretensions, or safeguard our citizens, to whom belongs our first dutiful thought.

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

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CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS, DELEGATE TO AMERICA FROM THE FRENCH REPUBLIC

The famous composer, whose picture shown above was taken on his recent arrival in New York, comes to the United States as an official representative on behalf of the French Government at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. He goes direct to San Francisco and will afterward visit several other American cities. M. Saint-Saëns shows remarkable activity for a man of his years; he has passed his eightieth birthday. See editorial comment

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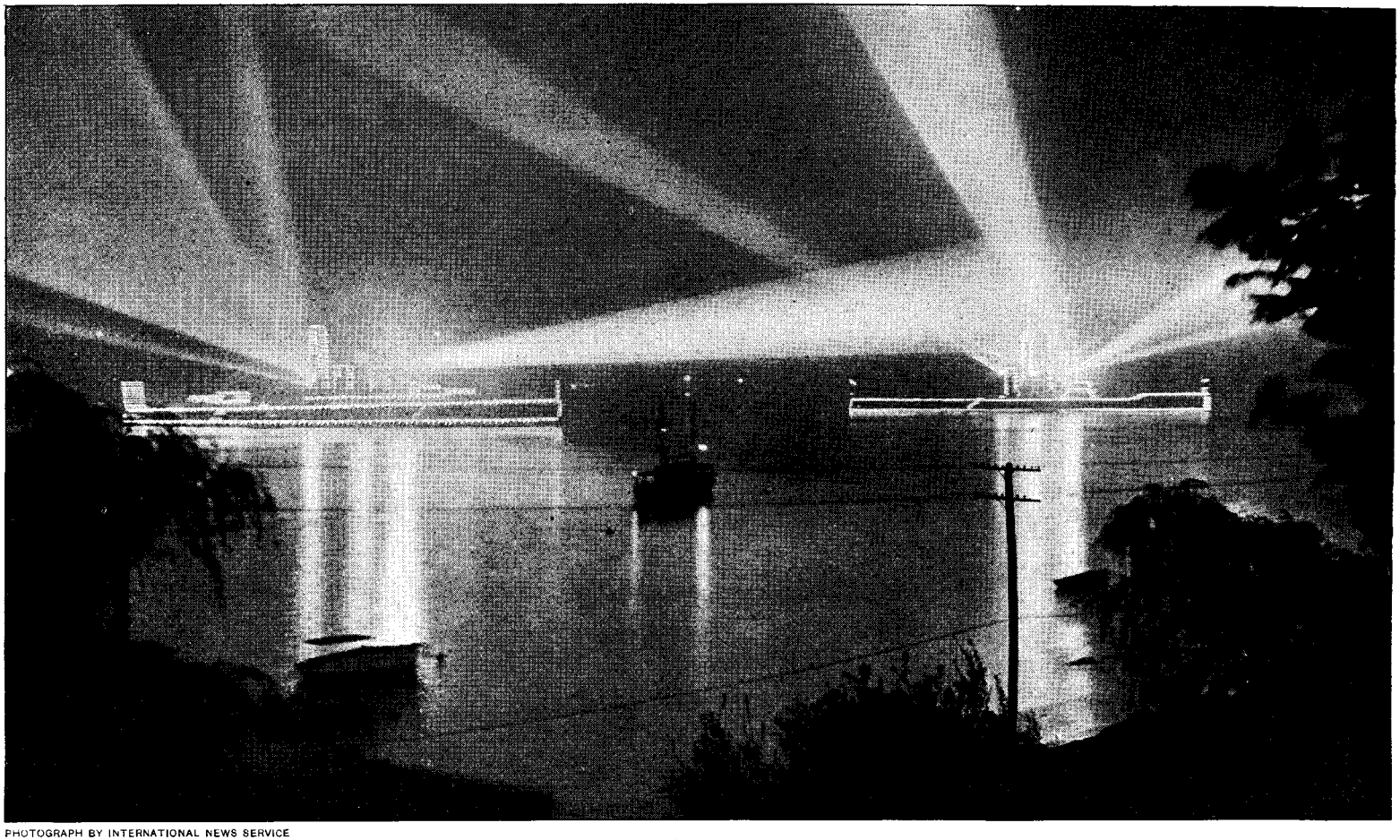

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

THE ATLANTIC FLEET OF WAR-SHIPS IN NEW YORK HARBOR AT NIGHT

After lying in New York Harbor several days, and being inspected by thousands of visitors, the Atlantic Fleet of the United States Navy passed in review on Tuesday of last week before the President. An account of this event and an editorial article on the function of a navy as the weapon of a peaceful people will be found elsewhere in this issue

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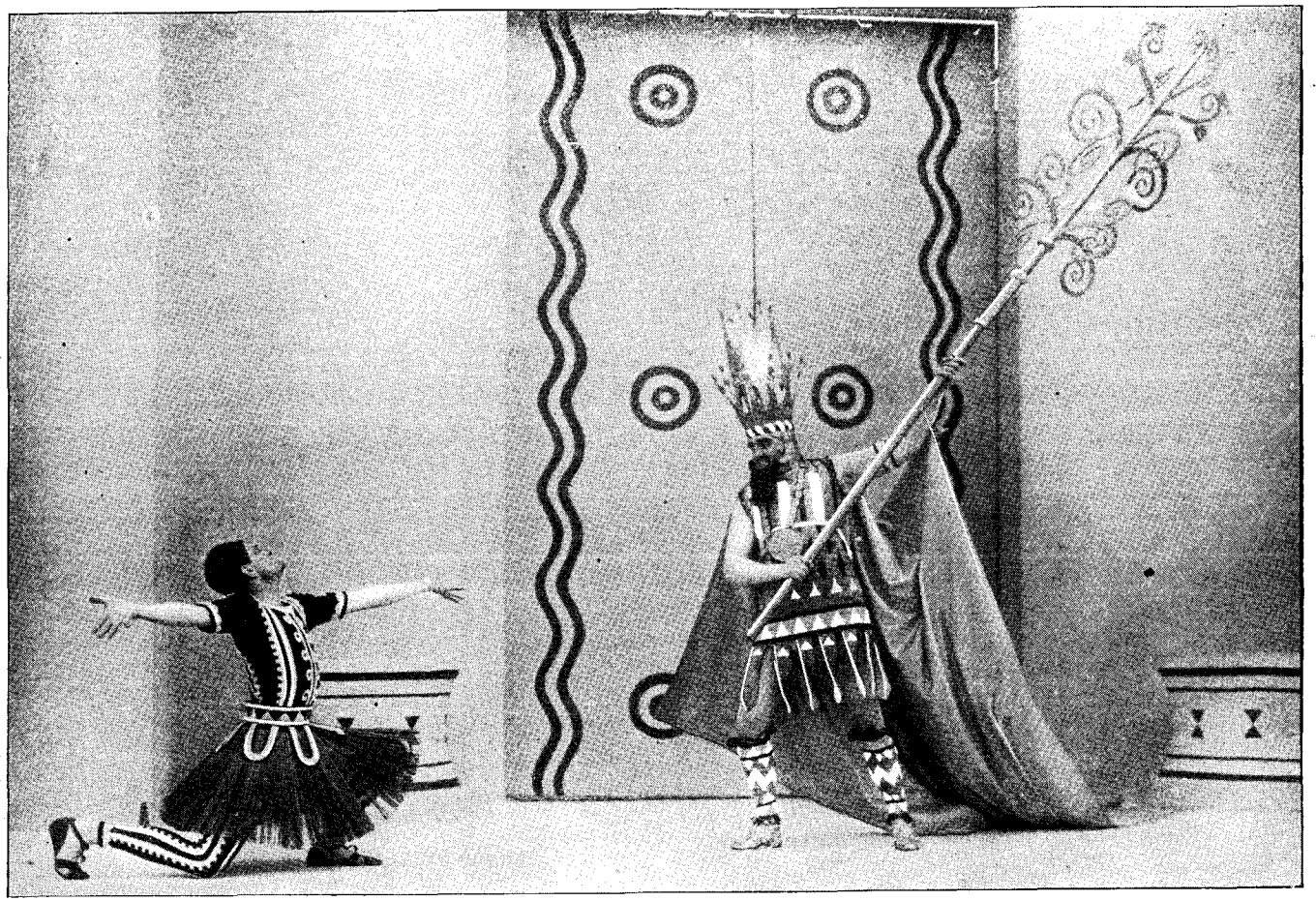

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

MESSENGER AND KING THOAS

This picture represents a scene in "Iphigenia" as presented by Granville Barker's company, which is presenting Greek dramas in the open air at Yale Harvard, the College of the City of New York (with which Columbia and New York University are co-operating), Princeton, and at the University of Pennsylvania. See editorial pages

GREEK PLAY PRESENTED AT THE YALE BOWL

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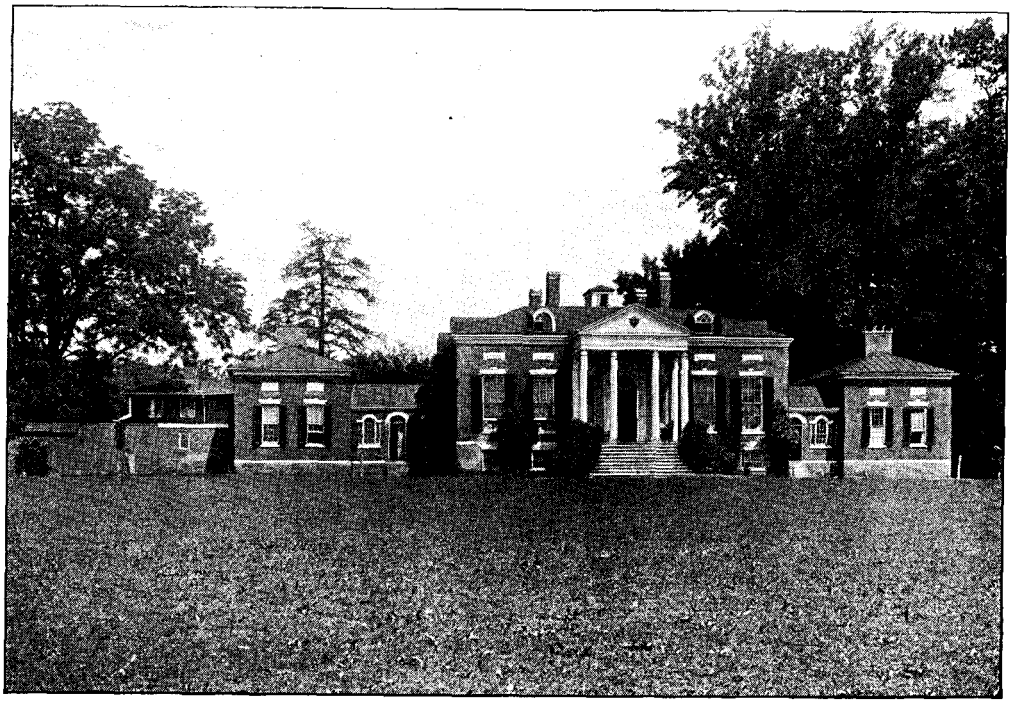
THE ACADEMIC BUILDING

This is the largest and most important of the new group of buildings which the University is erecting



THE CARROLL HOUSE

This fine Colonial mansion, which has furnished the architectural *motif* for the new buildings, was the home of Charles Carroll of Homewood, one of the descendants of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence

THE NEW HOME OF JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY AT HOMEWOOD, MARYLAND

See editorial pages for comment on the removal of this famous institution to its new quarters

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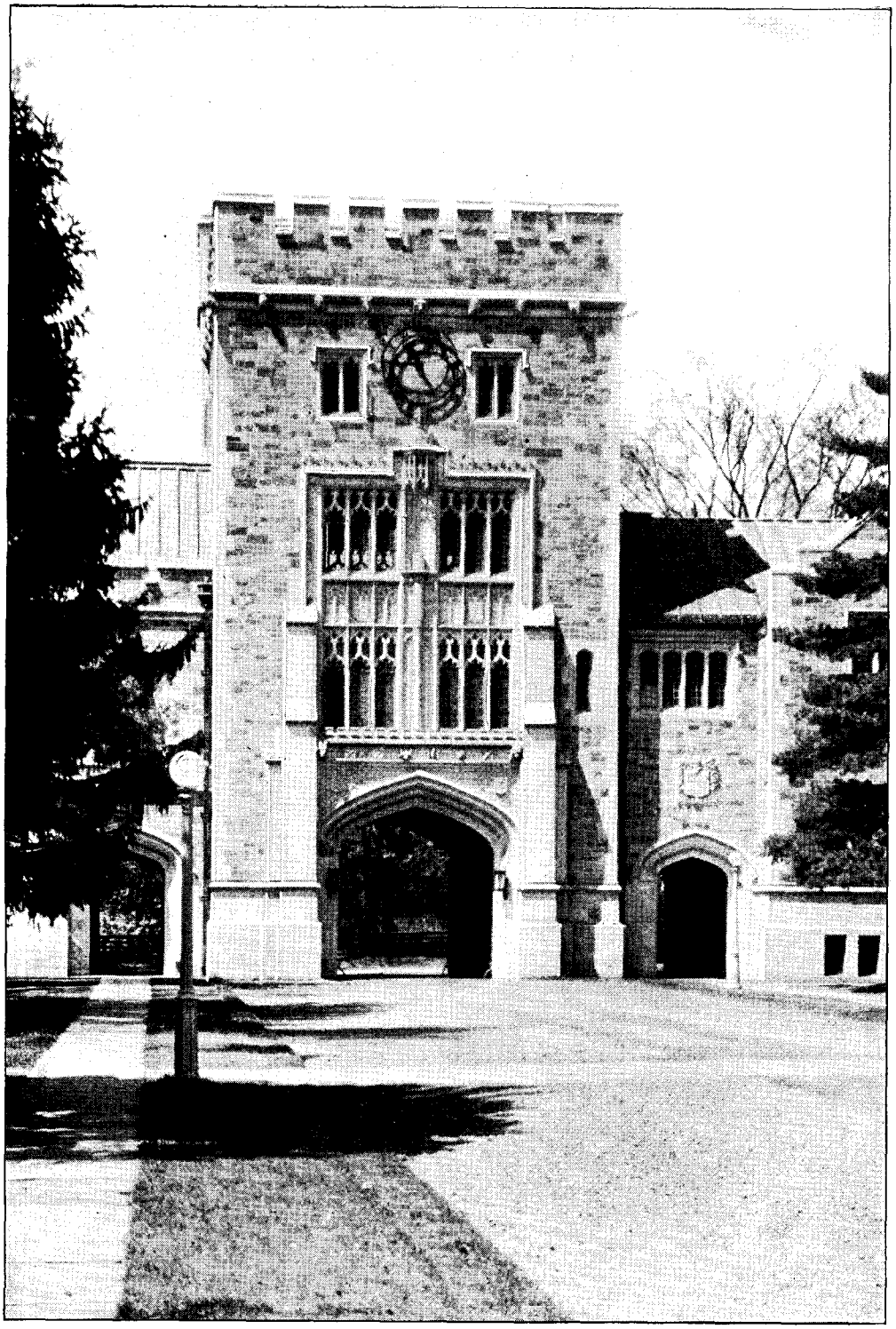

VASSAR'S NEW BUILDING, TAYLOR HALL

This beautiful edifice, dedicated May 7, is to be devoted to art purposes. It is named in honor of the former President of Vassar College, Dr. James M. Taylor. See comment on editorial pages

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CARRYING WOUNDED TO THE FIELD HOSPITAL

The first thing that Boy Scouts are taught is the first aid work. In this particular picture the wounded boy belongs to one troop and those who are carrying him belong to another. The boy on the stretcher is supposed to have been injured in a railway accident, as is described in the article elsewhere in this issue

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PAUL THOMPSON

A BICYCLE TROOP AT YONKERS

The duty of this troop is to serve as messengers. The Boy Scouts are specialized in various troops, such as mounted scouts, bicycle scouts, sea scouts. Sometimes these troops are made up of individual members from different communities. Sometimes a community devotes itself to a particular work. In a Connecticut town, for example, the Boy Scouts devote themselves to fire protection

SOME ACTIVITIES OF AMERICAN BOY SCOUTS

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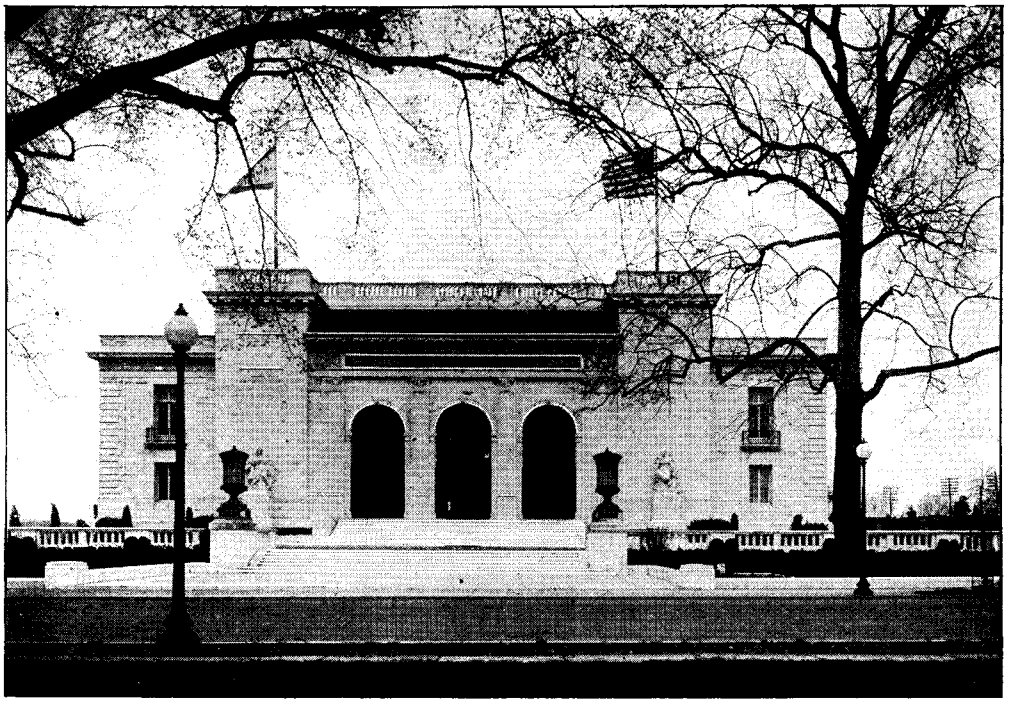

THE FRONT FAÇADE OF THE BUILDING, OVERLOOKING WHITE HOUSE PARK

HALL OF THE AMERICAS, ONE OF THE FINEST ROOMS OF ITS KIND IN THE UNITED STATES

THE PAN-AMERICAN UNION'S BUILDING AT WASHINGTON, WHERE THE PAN-AMERICAN FINANCIAL CONFERENCE IS BEING HELD

See account on another page

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JOHN MUIR WITH ALASKA SPRUCE CONES

Posed at Dr. Young's request on an Alaskan steamboat. This portrait has never before been published

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ALASKA DAYS WITH JOHN MUIR

BY S. HALL YOUNG

I—THE MOUNTAIN

The writer of this article was a close personal friend of John Muir's from their first meeting in Alaska in 1879. They occasionally interchanged visits, and correspondence passed between them at intervals until the death of the great naturalist. Dr. Young knows more about Mr. Muir's Alaska experiences than any other man. Two stories to appear later in The Outlook have to do with the two long voyages of exploration and discovery which they took together in 1879 and 1880. The first of these included the discovery of Glacier Bay and the Muir Glacier, and the second, the mapping of the two arms of Holkham Bay and Taylor Glacier—this last the scene of Muir's wonderful story of Stickeen. The last article was submitted to John Muir by the author and revised and commended by him.—THE EDITORS.

IN the summer of 1879 the writer was a missionary to the Thlinket Indians, and was stationed at Fort Wrangell, in southeastern Alaska. I had come the year before, a green young minister, fresh from the theological seminary—very green and very fresh—to take charge of this, the first American mission in Alaska, and to do the work of exploring and establishing missions in southeastern Alaska. I had very many things to learn, and many more to unlearn.

Thither came by the monthly mail steamboat in July three of the greatest dignitaries of the Church, bringing money and plans for building a church and a home for Indian girls, and collecting materials for articles and addresses to arouse the Christian East to Alaska's needs. They were the Rev. Henry Kendall, D.D., Secretary of the Board of Home Missions, called "the Great White Chief" by the natives; the Rev. Aaron L. Lindsley, D.D., of Portland, the Father of Alaskan Missions; and the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., that pioneer of the Rockies who had escorted the first missionary to Wrangell two years before. Their wives accompanied them, and they were to spend a month with us.

Standing a little apart from them as the steamboat drew to the dock, his peering blue eyes already eagerly scanning the islands and mountains, was a lean, sinewy man of forty, with curly reddish-brown hair and beard, and shoulders slightly stooped. He wore a Scotch cap and a long gray ulster of Scotch tweed which I have always since associated with him, and which seemed the same garment, unsoiled and unchanged, as he wore it later on his northern trips. He was introduced as Professor Muir, the naturalist. A hearty grip of the hand, and we seemed to coalesce at once in a friendship which, to me at least, has been one of the very best things in a life full of blessings. I sat at his feet; and at the feet of his spirit I still sit, a student, absorbed, surrendered, as this "priest of nature's inmost shrine" unfolds to me the secrets of his "mountains of God."

Minor excursions soon culminated in the chartering of the little steamer Cassiar, on which our party, augmented by two or three friends, steamed up the swift Stickeen River, between its tremendous glaciers and through its columned canyons, to Glenora, one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. Our captain was Nathaniel Lane, a grandson of the famous Senator Joseph Lane, of Oregon. Stocky, broad-shouldered, muscular, given somewhat to strange oaths and strong liquids, eying askance the group of preachers as we struck the bargain, he was yet genial, good-natured, and a splendid river pilot.

Dropping down from Telegraph Creek, so named because it was a principal station of the great projected trans-American and trans-Siberian line of the Western Union—that bubble pricked by Cyrus Field's cable—we tied up at Glenora, about noon of a cloudless day.

"Amuse yourselves," said Captain Lane at lunch. "Here we stay till two o'clock tomorrow morning. This daily gale blowing from the sea makes safe steering through the canyon impossible, unless we take the morning's calm."

I saw Muir's eyes light up with a peculiar

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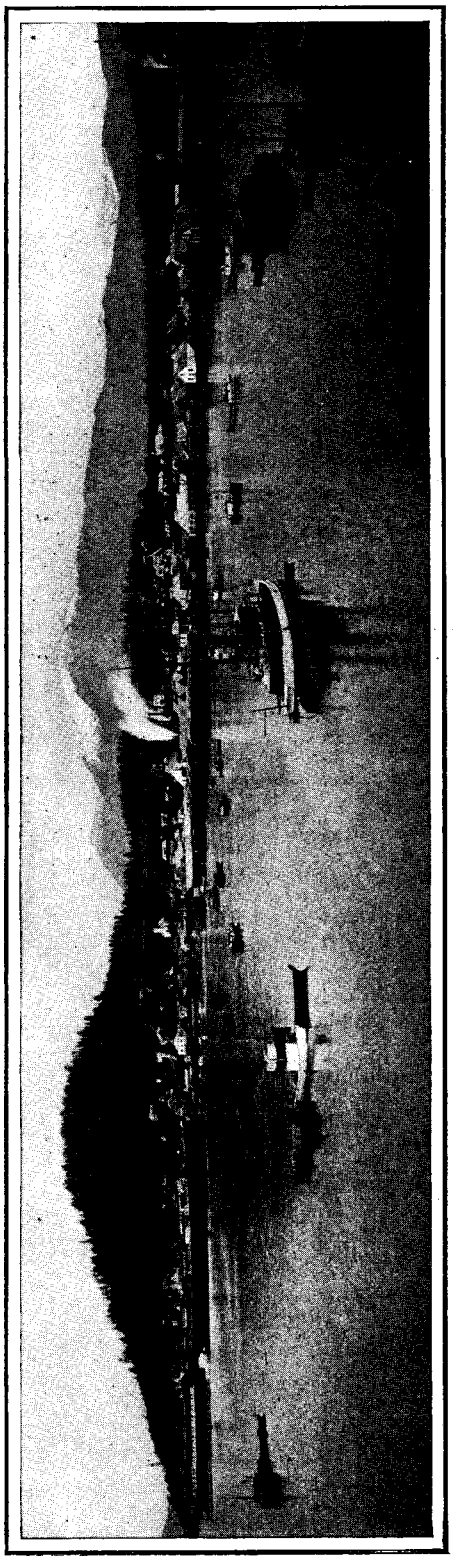

FORT WRANGELL DURING THE BRIEF ALASKAN SUMMER

meaning as he glanced quickly at me across the table. He knew the leading-strings I was in; how those well-meaning D.D.'s and their motherly wives thought they had a special mission to suppress all my self-destructive proclivities toward dangerous adventure, and especially to protect me from "that wild Muir" and his hare-brained schemes of mountain-climbing.

"Where is it?" I asked, as we met behind the pilot-house a moment later.

He pointed to a little group of jagged peaks rising right up from where we stood—a pulpit in the center of a vast rotunda of magnificent mountains. "One of the finest view-points in the world," he said.

"How far to the highest point?"

"About ten miles."

"How high?"

"Seven or eight thousand feet."

That was enough. I caught the D.D.'s with guile. There were Stickeen Indians there catching salmon, and among them Chief Shakes, who, our interpreter said, was "the youngest but the headest chief of all." Last night's palaver had whetted the appetites of both sides for more. On the part of the Indians, a talk with these "Great White Chiefs from Washington" offered unlimited possibilities for material favor; and to the good divines the "simple faith and childlike docility" of these children of the forest were a constant delight. (Simple! childlike! Well, let them think so.) And then how well their high-flown compliments and flowery metaphors would sound in article and speech to the wondering East! So I sent Stickeen Johnny, the interpreter, to call the natives to another *hyou wawa* (big talk), and, notebook in hand, the preachers "went gayly to the fray." I set the speeches agoing, and then slipped out to join the impatient Muir.

"Take off your coat," he commanded, "and here's your supper."

Pocketing two hardtacks apiece, we were off, keeping in shelter of house and bush till out of sight of the council-house and the flower-picking ladies. Then we broke out. What a matchless climate! What sweet, lung-filling air! Sunshine that had no weakness in it—as if we were springing plants; our sinews like steel springs, muscles like india rubber, feet soled with iron to grip the rocks. Ten miles? Eight thousand feet? Why, I felt equal to forty miles and the Matterhorn!

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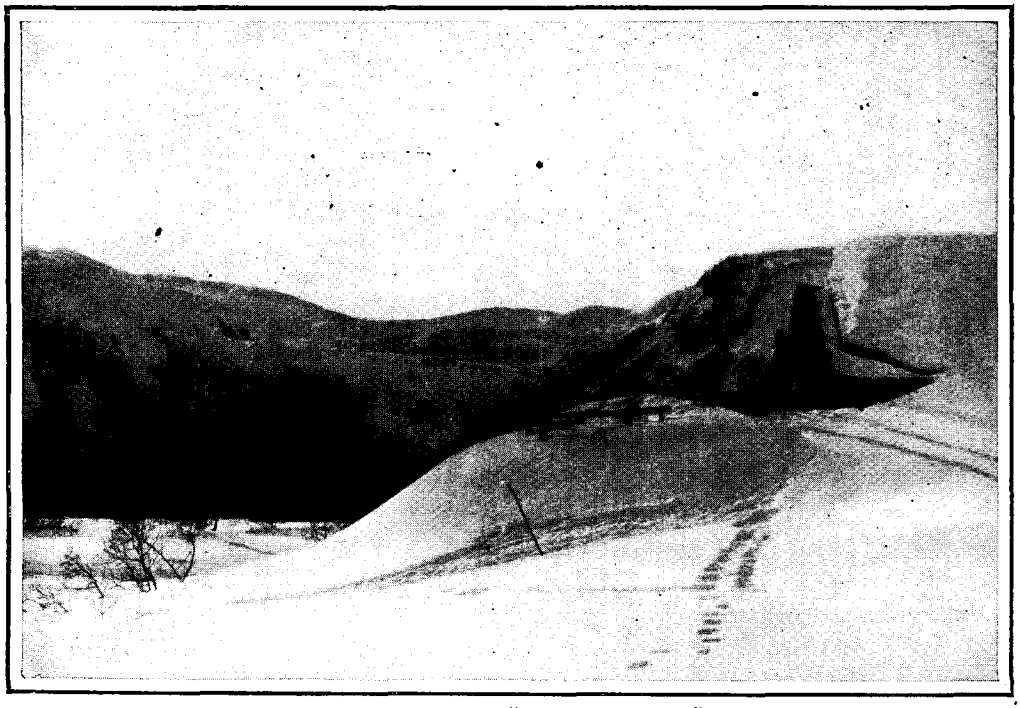
THE MOUNTAIN

"He pointed to a little group of jagged peaks rising right up from where we stood—a pulpit in the center of a vast rotunda of magnificent mountains. 'One of the finest view-points in the world,' he said"



ON THE WAY TO "THE MOUNTAIN"

The cabin at the right of the picture is that of Chief Shakes, "the youngest but the headest chief of all"

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"Eh, mon," said Muir, lapsing into the broad Scotch he was so fond of using when he was enjoying himself, "ye'll see the sicht o' ye're life the day. Ye'll get that'll be o' mair use till ye than a' the gowd o' Cassiar."

It was a hard climb from the first. Fallen timber at the mountain's foot, with thick brush that swallowed us up and plucked us back. Beyond, on the steeper slopes, dwarf evergreens five or six feet high—the same fir that towers one hundred feet with a diameter of three or four on the river banks, here stunted by icy mountain winds. The curious blasting of the branches on the side next to the mountain gave them the appearance of long-armed, hump-backed, hairy gnomes, bristling with anger, stretching forbidding arms downwards to bar our passage to their sacred heights. Sometimes an inviting vista through them would lure us in, when it would narrow, and at its upper angle we would find a solid phalanx of these grumpy dwarfs. Then we would have to attack boldly, scrambling over the obstinate, elastic arms and against the clusters of stiff needles till we gained the upper side and found another green slope.

Muir led, of course, picking with sure instinct the easiest way. Three hours of steady work passed us suddenly beyond the timber line, and the real joy of the day began. Nowhere else have I seen anything approaching the luxuriance and variety of delicate blossoms shown by these high mountain pastures of the North. "You scarce could see the grass for flowers." Everything that was marvelous in form, fair in color, or sweet with fragrance seemed to be represented there, from daisies and campanulas to Muir's favorite, the cassiope, with its exquisite little pink-white bells shaped like lilies-of-the-valley and its subtle perfume. Muir "went wild" at once as soon as we reached this fairyland. From cluster to cluster of flowers he ran, falling on his knees, babbling in unknown tongues, prattling a curious mixture of scientific lingo and baby talk, worshiping his little blue and pink goddesses.

"Ah, my blue-eyed darlin'! Little did I think to see you here! How did you stray away from Shasta?"

"Well, well! who'd 'a' thought that you'd have left that niche in the Merced Mountains to come here!"

"And who might you be, now, with your wonder-look? Is it possible that you can be [two Latin polysyllables]? You're lost, my dear; you belong in Tennessee."

"Ah! I thought I'd find you, my homely little sweetheart!" And so on unceasingly.

He was so absorbed in this amatory botany that he seemed to forget my existence; while I, as glad as he, tagged along, running up and down with him, asking now and then a question, learning something of plant life, but far more of that spiritual insight into nature's lore which is granted only to those who love and woo her in her great outdoor palaces. But how I anathematized my short-sighted foolishness when, a student at old Wooster, I shirked botany for the "more important" studies of language and metaphysics! For here was a man whose natural science had a thorough technical basis, while the superstructure was built of "lively stones," and was itself a living temple of love.

Muir, with all his boyish enthusiasm, was a most painstaking student; and any question unsolved lay upon his mind like a personal grievance until it was settled to his full understanding. One plant after another, with its sand-covered roots, went into his pockets, his handkerchief, the "full" of his shirt, till he was bulbing and sprouting all over with them, and could carry no more. He was taking them to the boat to analyze and compare at leisure. Then he began to requisition *my* receptacles. I stood it while he stuffed my pockets, but rebelled when he tried to poke the prickly, scratchy things inside my shirt. I had not yet attained that sublime indifference to physical comfort, that Nirvana of passivity, that Muir had found.

Hours had passed in this entrancing work, and we were progressing upwards but slowly. We were on the southeastern slope of the mountain, and the sun was still staring at us from a cloudless sky. Suddenly we were in the shadow as we worked around a spur of rock. Muir looked up, startled. Then he jammed home his last handful of plants, and hastened up to where I stood.

"Man," he said, "I was forgetting. We'll have to hurry now or we'll miss it—we'll miss it!"

"Miss what?" I asked.

"The jewel of the day," he answered; "the sight of the sunset from the top."

Then Muir began to *slide* up that mountain. I had been with mountain-climbers before, but had never seen one like him. A deer-lope over the smoother slopes, a sure instinct for the easiest way into a rocky for-

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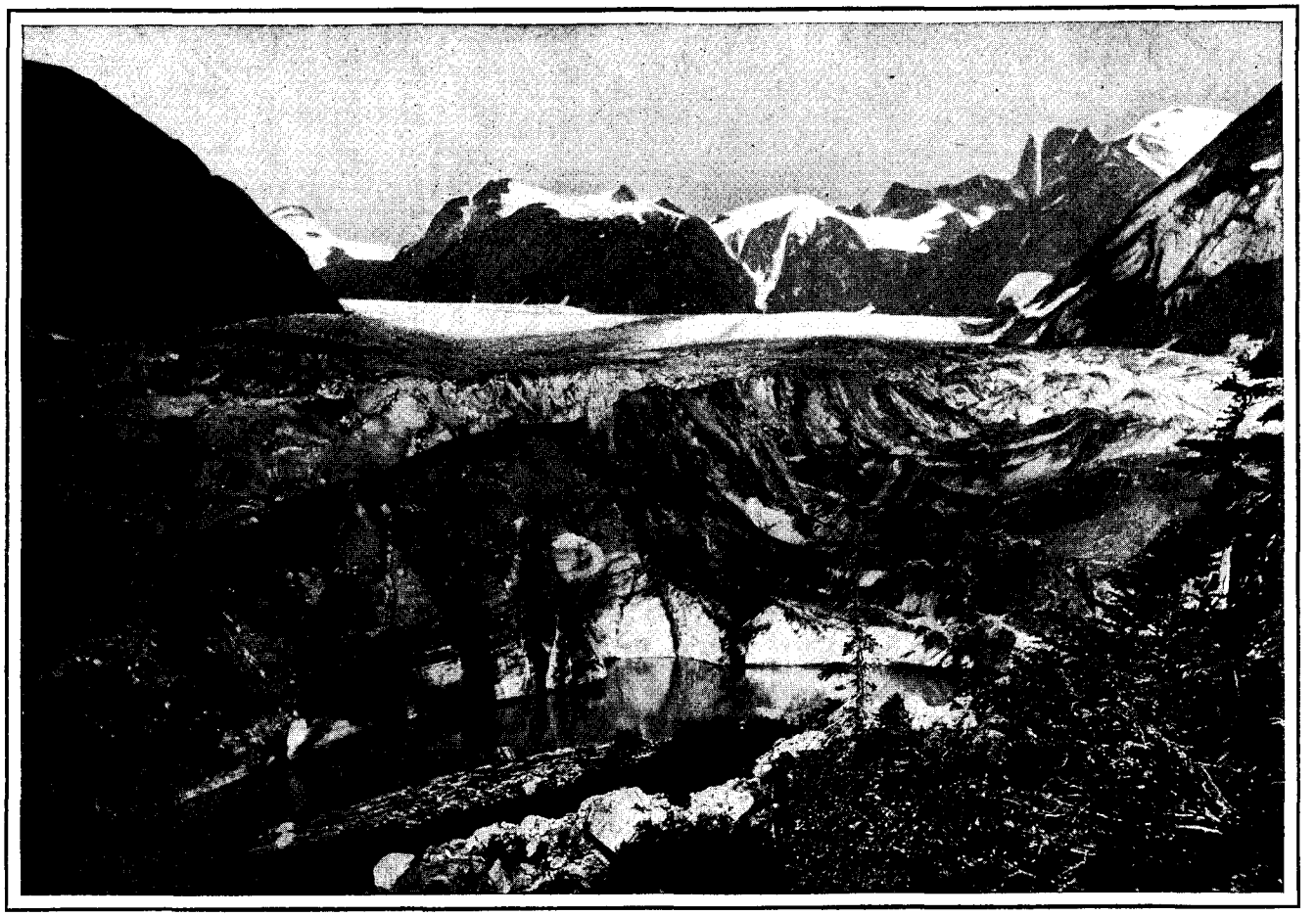

AT THE EDGE OF THE GLACIER

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tress, an instant and unerring attack, a serpent-glide up the steep; eye, hand, and foot, all connected dynamically; no appearance of weight to his body—as if he had Stockton's negative gravity machine strapped on his back. Fifteen years of enthusiastic study among the Sierras had given him the same pre-eminence over the ordinary climber as the bighorn of the Rockies shows over the cotswold. It was only by exerting myself to the edge of my strength that I was able to keep near him. His example was at the same time my inspiration and despair. I longed for him to stop and rest, but wouldn't have suggested it for the world. I would at least be game and would give no hint as to how tired I was, no matter how chokingly my heart thumped. His spirit was in me, and my "chief end" just then was to win that peak with him. The impending calamity of being beaten by the sun was not to be contemplated without horror. The loss of a fortune would be nothing to that!

Beyond the flower garden of the gods now, in a land of rocks and cliffs, with patches of short grass, caribou moss, and lichens between. Along a narrowing arm of the mountain, a deep canyon to our right that flumed a rushing torrent of icy water from a small glacier. Then moraine matter, rounded pebbles, and boulders, and beyond them the glacier. It is nothing but a baby now, though once a giant, but the ice is blue and clear, and the crevasses many and deep. It must be crossed, and that is a ticklish task; a misstep or slip might land us at once in the heart of the glacier, to be preserved in cold storage for future generations to wonder at. But glaciers were Muir's special pets, his intimate companions, with whom he held sweet communion.

No Swiss guide was ever wiser in the habits of glaciers or a better pilot across their deathly crevasses than Muir. Half a mile of careful walking and jumping, and we were on the ground again at the base of the great cliff of metamorphic slate that crowned the summit. Muir's barometer showed a height of about seven thousand feet, and the wall of rock towered threateningly above us, or leaned out in places, a thousand feet or so above the glacier. But the earth fires that had melted and heaved it, the ice mass that chiseled and shaped it, the wind and rain that corroded and crumbled it, had torn plenty of bricks out of that battlement, had covered its face with knobs and horns, had plowed ledges and cleaved fissures and fastened crags and pinnacles upon it, so that, while its surface was full of man-traps and blind ways, the human spider might still find some hold for his claws.

The shadows were dark upon us, but the lofty, icy peaks of the main range were still golden in the slanting rays of the sun. There was no time to be lost. A quick glance to the right and left, and Muir, who had steered his course wisely across the glacier, attacked the cliff, simply saying, "We must climb cautiously here."

Now came the most wonderful display of his mountain craft. Had I been alone at the foot of these crags I would have said, "It can't be done," and turned back down the mountain. But Muir was my "control," as the spiritists say, and I never thought of doing anything else but follow him. He thought he could climb up there, and that settled it. He would do what he thought he could. And such climbing! There was never an instant when both feet and hands were not in play, and often elbows, knees, thighs, upper arms, and even chin must grip and hold. Clambering up a steep slope, crawling under an overhanging rock, spreading out like a flying squirrel and edging along an inch-wide projection while fingers clasped knobs above the head, bending about sharp angles, pulling up smooth rock-faces by sheer strength of arm and chinning over the edge, leaping fissures, sliding flat around a dangerous rock-breast, testing crumbly spurs before risking his weight, always going up, no hesitation, no pause—that was Muir. My task was the lighter one; he did the head-work, I had but to imitate. The thin fragment of projecting slate that would stand his hundred and fifty pounds would sustain my hundred and thirty. I did, as far as possible, as he did; took his hand-holds and stepped in his steps.

But I was handicapped in a way that Muir was ignorant of, and I would not tell him for fear of his veto upon my climbing. My legs were all right, hard and sinewy, my body light and supple, my wind good, my nerves steady, heights did not make me dizzy; but my arms—that was the trouble. Ten years before I had been fond of breaking colts—till the colts broke me. On successive summers in West Virginia two colts had fallen with me and dislocated first my left shoulder, then my right. Since that both arms had been out of joint more than once. My left was especially weak; it would not sustain

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my weight. I had to favor it constantly. Now and again as I pulled myself up some difficult reach I could feel the head of the humerus move from its socket.

Muir climbed so fast that it was almost like flying, legs and arms moving with perfect precision and unfailing judgment. I must keep close behind him or I would fail to see his points of vantage. But the pace was a killing one for me. As we neared the summit my strength began to fail, my breath to come in gasps, my muscles to twitch. The overwhelming fear of losing sight of my guide, of being left behind and failing to see that sunset, grew upon me, and I hurled myself blindly at every fresh obstacle, determined to keep up. At length we climbed upon a little shelf a foot or two wide that corkscrewed to the left. Here we paused a moment to take breath and look around us. We had ascended the cliff some nine hundred and fifty feet from the glacier, and were within forty or fifty feet of the top.

Among the good gifts of this good world one of the very richest was given to me then. It is securely locked in the safe of my memory and nobody can rob me of it—an imperishable treasure. Standing out on the rounded neck of the cliff and facing the southwest, we could see on three sides of us. The view was much the finest of all my experience. We seemed to stand on a high rostrum in the center of the greatest amphitheater in the world. The sky was cloudless, the level sun flooding all the landscape with golden light. From the base of the mountain on which we stood stretched the rolling upland. Striking boldly across our front was the deep valley of the Stickeen, a line of foliage, light green cottonwoods and darker alders, sprinkled with black fir and spruce, through which the river gleamed with silvery sheen, now spreading wide among its islands, now foaming white through narrow canyons. Beyond, among the undulating hills, was a marvelous array of lakes. There must have been thirty or forty of them, from the pond of an acre to the wide sheet two or three miles across. The strangely elongated and rounded hills had the appearance of giants in bed, wrapped in many-colored blankets, and the lakes were their deep blue eyes, lashed with dark evergreens, gazing steadfastly heavenward. Look long at these recumbent forms and you will see the heaving of their breasts. The whole landscape seems alive, alert, expectant of glory. Around this great camp of prostrate Cyclops stood, in solemn grandeur, an unbroken semicircle of mighty peaks, some hoary-headed, some with locks of brown, but all wearing white glacier collars. The taller peaks were almost sharp enough to be the helmets and spears of watchful sentinels. And the colors! Great stretches of crimson fireweed, acres and acres of them, smaller patches of dark-blue lupins, and hills of shaded yellow, red, and brown, the many-shaded green of the woods, the amethyst and purple of the far horizon—who can tell it? We did not stand there more than two or three minutes, but the whole wonderful scene is deeply etched on the tablet of my memory, a photogravure never to be effaced.

Muir was the first to awake from his trance. Like Schiller's king in "The Diver," "nothing could slake his wild thirst of desire."

"The sunset!" he cried; "we must have the whole horizon."

Then he started running along the ledge like a mountain goat, working to get around the vertical cliff above us to find an ascent on the other side. He was soon out of sight, although I followed as fast as I could. I heard him shout something, but could not make out his words. He was warning me of a dangerous place. I came to a sharp-cut fissure across my path, a gash in the rock, as if one of the Cyclops had struck it with his ax. It sloped very steeply for some twelve feet below, opening on the face of the precipice above the glacier, and was filled to within about four feet of the surface with flat, slaty gravel. It was only four or five feet across, and I could easily have leaped it had I not been so tired. But a rock the size of my head projected from the slippery stream of gravel. In my haste to overtake Muir I did not stop to make sure that this stone was part of the cliff, but stepped with springing force upon it to cross the fissure. Instantly the stone melted away beneath my feet, and I shot with it down towards the precipice. With my peril sharp upon me, I cried out as I whirled on my face and struck out both hands to grasp the rock on either side.

Falling forward hard, as my hands struck the walls of the chasm my arms were twisted behind me, and instantly both shoulders were dislocated; and with my paralyzed arms flopping helplessly above my head I slid swiftly down the narrow chasm. Instinctively I flattened down on the sliding gravel, digging my chin and toes into it to check my descent; but not until my feet hung out over the edge

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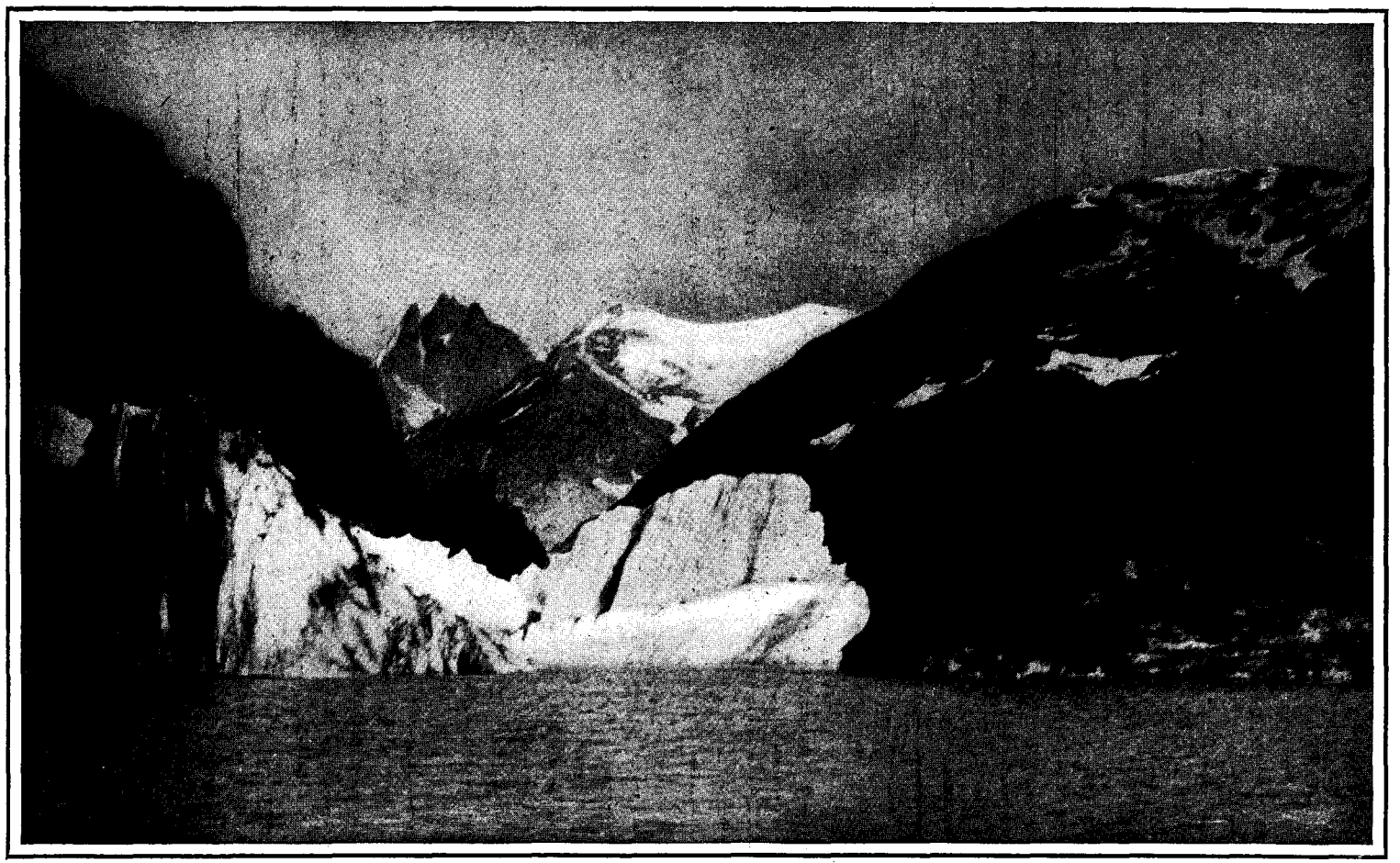

ONE OF "THE MARVELOUS ARRAY OF LAKES"

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of the cliff did I feel that I had stopped; and even then I dared not breathe or stir, so precarious was my hold on that treacherous shale. Every moment I seemed to be slipping inch by inch to the point when all would give way and I would go whirling down to the glacier.

I do not remember any sense of fear after the first wild moment of panic when I felt myself falling, but I know what it is to have a thousand thoughts flash through the brain in a single instant—an anguished thought of my young wife at Wrangell with her imminent motherhood; an indignant thought of the insurance companies that refused me policies on my life; a thought of wonder as to what would become of my poor flocks of Indians among the islands; recollections of events far and near in time, important and trivial; but each thought printed upon my memory by the instantaneous photography of deadly peril. I had no hope of escape at all. The gravel was rattling past me and piling up against my head. The jar of a little rock, and all would be over. The situation was too desperate. Dull wonder as to how long I would be in the air, and the hope that death would be instant—that was all. Then came the wish that Muir would come before I fell and take a message to my wife.

Suddenly I heard his voice right above me.

"My God!" it said. Then, "Grab that rock, man, just by your right hand."

From my throat I answered, not daring to inflate my lungs: "My arms are out."

A pause; then his voice again, cheery, confident, unexcited. "Hold fast; I'm going to get you out of this. I can't get to you on this side; the rock is sheer. I'll have to leave you now and cross the rift high up and come down to you on the other side by which we came. Keep cool."

Then I heard him going away, whistling "The Blue Bells of Scotland," singing snatches of Scotch songs, calling to me, his voice receding, now very faint as the rocks intervened, then louder as he came out on the face of the cliff. But in me hope surged with full tide. There was no more thought of last messages. I did not see how he could possibly do it, but he was John Muir, and I had seen his wonderful rock work. I determined *not to fall*, and made myself as flat and heavy as possible, not daring to twitch a muscle or wink an eye, for I still felt myself slipping, slipping down the greasy slate. A new peril threatened. A chill ran through me of cold and nervousness, and I slid an inch. I suppressed the growing shivers with all my will. I would keep perfectly quiet till Muir came back. The sickening pain in my shoulders increased till it was torture, and I could not ease it.

I thought it hours, but it was in truth about ten minutes, before he got to me. By that time I hung so far over the edge that it seemed impossible that I could last another second. Now I heard his voice, low and steady, close to me, and it seemed a little below.

"Hold steady," it said. "I'll have to swing you out over the cliff."

Then I felt a careful hand on my back fumbling with the waistband of my trousers, my vest, and shirt, gathering all in a firm grip. I could see only with one eye, and that looked upon but a foot or two of gravel on the other side.

"Now!" he said; and I slid out of the cleft with a rattling shower of stones and gravel. My head swung down, my impotent arms dangling, and I stared straight at the glacier, a thousand feet below. Then my feet came against the cliff.

"Work downwards with your feet."

I obeyed. He drew me close to him by crooking his arm, and as my head came up past his level he caught me by my collar with his teeth. My feet struck the little two-inch shelf on which he was standing, and I could see Muir, flattened against the face of the rock and facing it, his right hand stretched up and clasping a little spur, his left holding me with an iron grip, his head bent sidewise, as my weight drew it. I felt as alert and cool as he.

"I've got to let go of you," he hissed through his clenched teeth. "I need both hands here. Climb upward with your feet."

How he did it I know not. The miracle grows as I ponder it. The wall was almost perpendicular and smooth. My weight on his jaws dragged him outwards. And yet, holding me by his teeth as a panther her cub and clinging like a squirrel to a tree, he climbed with me straight up ten or twelve feet, with only the help of my ironshod feet scrambling on the rock. It was utterly impossible, but he did it!

When he got me on the little shelf along which we had come—then my nerve gave way and I trembled all over. I sank down exhausted, Muir only less tired, but supporting me.

The sun had set; the air was icy cold and

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we had no coats. We would soon chill through. Muir's task of rescue had only begun, and no time must be lost. In a minute he was up again and examining my shoulders. The right one had an upward dislocation, the ball of the humerus resting on the process of the scapula, the rim of the cup. I told him how, and he soon snapped the bone in its socket. But the left was a harder proposition. The luxation was downward and forward, and the strong, nervous reaction of the muscles had pulled the head of the bone deep into my armpit. There was no room to work on that narrow ledge. All that could be done was to make a rude sling with one of my suspenders and our handkerchiefs, so as both to support the elbow and keep the arm from swinging.

Then to get down that terrible wall to the glacier! Again I am at a loss to know how Muir accomplished it. In the deepening dusk for an unencumbered man to descend it was a most difficult task, but to get a tottery, nerve-shaken, pain-wracked cripple down! My right arm, though in place, was almost helpless. I could move only my forearm, the muscles of the upper part simply refusing to obey my will. Muir would let himself down to a lower shelf, brace himself, and I would get my right hand against him, crawl my fingers over his shoulder until the arm hung in front of him, and, falling against him, would be eased down to his standing ground. Sometimes he would pack me a little way on his back. Again, taking me by the wrist, he would swing me down to a lower shelf, before descending himself. My right shoulder came out three times that night and had to be reset.

It was dark when we reached the base; there was no moon and it was very cold. The glacier provided an operating-table and I lay on the ice for an hour while Muir, having slit the sleeve of my shirt to the collar, tugged and twisted at my left arm in a vain attempt to set it. But the ball was too deep in its false socket, and all his pulling only bruised and made it swell. So he had to do up the arm again and tie it tight to my body. It must have been near midnight when we left the foot of the cliff and started down the mountain. Ten hard miles to go, and no supper, for the hardtack had disappeared ere we were half-way up the mountain. Muir dared not take me across the glacier in the dark; I was too weak to jump the crevasses. So we skirted it and came, after a mile, to the head of a great slide of gravel, the fine moraine matter of the receding glacier. Muir sat down on the gravel; I sat against him, with my feet on either side and my arm over his shoulder. Then he began to hitch and kick, and presently we were sliding at great speed in a cloud of dust. A full half-mile we flew, and were almost buried when we reached the bottom of the slide. It was the easiest part of our trip.

Now we found ourselves in the canyon, down which tumbled the glacial stream, and far beneath the ridge along which we had ascended. The sides of the canyon here were sheer cliffs.

"We'll try it," said Muir. "Sometimes these canyons are passable."

But the way grew rougher as we descended. The rapids became falls, and we would often have to retrace our steps to find a way around them. After we reached the timber line, some four miles from the summit, the going was still harder, for we had a thicket of alders and willows to fight. Here Muir offered to make a fire and leave me for assistance; but I said, "No, I'm going to make it to the boat."

All that night the man of steel and lightning worked, never resting a minute, doing the work of three men, helping me along the slopes, easing me down the rocks, pulling me up cliffs, dashing water on me when I grew faint with the pain; and always cheery, full of talk and anecdote, cracking jokes with me, infusing me with his own indomitable spirit. He was eyes, hands, feet, and heart to me, my caretaker, in whom I trusted absolutely. My eyes fill now when I think of his utter self-abandon as he ministered to my infirmities.

About four o'clock in the morning we came to a fall that we could not compass, sheer a hundred feet or more; so we had to attack the steep walls of the canyon. A hard struggle and we were on the mountain ridges again, traversing the flower pastures, creeping through openings in the brush, scrambling over the dwarf fir, then down through the fallen timber. It was half after seven o'clock when we descended the last slope and found the path to Glenora. Here we met a straggling party of whites and Indians just starting out to search the mountain for us.

Two incidents amused Muir. As I was coming wearily up the teetering gangplank, feeling as if I couldn't keep up another minute, Dr. Kendall stepped upon its end,

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barring my passage, bent his bushy white brows upon me from his six feet of height, and began to scold:

"See here, young man; give an account of yourself. Do you know you've kept us waiting——?"

Just then Captain Lane jumped forward to help me, digging the old Doctor of Divinity with his elbow in the stomach and nearly knocking him off the boat.

"Can't you see the man's hurt?" he roared.

Mrs. Kendall was a very tall, thin, severe-looking old lady, with face lined with grief by the loss of her children. She never smiled. She had not gone to bed at all that night, but walked the deck and would not let her husband or the others sleep. Soon after daylight she began to lash the men with the whip of her tongue for their "cowardice and inhumanity" in not starting at once to search for me.

"Mr. Young is undoubtedly lying mangled at the foot of the cliff, or else one of those terrible bears has wounded him; and you are lolling around here instead of starting to his rescue. For shame!"

When they objected that they did not know where we had gone, she snapped: "Go everywhere until you find him."

Her fierce energy started the men we met. When I came on board, she at once took charge and issued her orders, which everybody jumped to obey. She had blankets spread on the floor of the cabin and laid me on them; got some whisky from the captain; water, porridge, and coffee from the steward. She was sitting on the floor with my head in her lap, feeding me coffee with a spoon, when Dr. Kendall came in and began on me again:

"Suppose you had fallen down that precipice, what would your poor wife have done? What would have become of your Indians and your new church?"

Then Mrs. Kendall turned and thrust her spoon like a sword at him: "Henry Kendall," she blazed, "shut right up and leave this room. Have you no sense? Go instantly, I say!" And the good doctor went.

My recollections of that day are not very clear. The shoulder was in bad condition—wollen, bruised, very painful. I must be trengthened with food and rest, then Muir must be called from his sleep of exhaustion caused by eighteen hours of unremitting toil, and with four other men pull and twist that poor arm for an hour. They got it into its socket, but scarcely had Muir got to sleep again before the strong, nervous twitching of the shoulder dislocated it a second time and seemingly placed it in a worse condition than before. Now Captain Lane must be summoned, and, with Muir to direct, they worked for two or three hours. They poured whisky down my throat to relax my stubborn, pain-convulsed muscles. Then, with two men pulling at the towel knotted about my wrist, two others pulling against them, foot braced to foot, Muir manipulating my shoulder with his sinewy hands, the stocky captain, strong and compact as a bear, with his heel against the yarn ball in my armpit, takes me by the elbow and says, "I'll set it or pull the arm off!"

Well, he almost does the latter. I am conscious of a frightful strain, then sharp anguish in my side as his heel slips from the ball and kicks in two of my ribs, a snap as the head of the bone slips into the cup—then kindly oblivion.

I was awakened about five o'clock in the afternoon by the return of the whole party from an excursion to the great glacier at the boundary line. Muir, fresh and enthusiastic as ever, was their pilot across the moraine and upon the great ice mountain, and I, wrapped like a mummy in linen strips, was able to join in his laughter as he told of the big D.D.'s heroics when, in the middle of an acre of alder brush, he asked indignantly, in response to the hurry-up calls, "Do you think I'm going to leave my wife in this forest?"

One overpowering regret—only one—abides in my heart as I think back upon that golden day with John Muir. He could, and did, go back to Glenora on the return trip of the Cassiar, ascend the mountain again, see the sunset from its top, make charming sketches, stay all night and see the sunrise, filling his cup of joy so full that he could pour out entrancing descriptions for days; while I—well, with entreating arms about one's neck and pleading, tearful eyes looking into one's own, what could one do but promise to climb no more? But my lifelong lamentation over a treasure forever lost is this: "*I never saw the sunset from that peak.*"

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THE CHURCH OF THE OTHER SIX DAYS

BY MARTHA BENSLEY BRUÈRE AND ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

THERE is no stronger sign of the prevailing weakness of the country church than its failure to hold the young people.

When the city church abandons the crowded tenement districts to follow its financial pillars into more comfortable and fashionable residential quarters, a score of organizations, from playground associations to settlements and civic clubs, rush into the void to watch over the destinies of the rising generation. But, as a rule, there are no such substitutes in the country. From pioneer days down to the present the rural church has been the central social institution of country life, with a monopoly that in most communities has been left untouched either by the public school, the grange, or the farmer's institute; and when it fails the young people, it abandons them, not to other institutions, but to the unrelieved drudgery of farm life and the desolate isolation of wide open spaces.

And in the great majority of purely rural communities the church *has* failed the young people! In our searching through rural America, whether North, South, East, or West, it was the rarest experience to find a church with members between the ages of fourteen and twenty-five. Children we invariably found—babies sleeping in their mothers' laps, babies crying in their mothers' arms, girls in knee skirts and boys in knickerbockers trying not to fidget; but young men and women of an age to elude the parental thumb were as rare as winter lightning.

Our impression of a high religious mortality during adolescence is borne out by the reports of practically all the denominations. We fortified it through interviews with men and women on the farms and with country pastors, and later found it confirmed by the surveys of the Presbyterian Department of Church and Country Life. Of ninety-one churches in Indiana, for example, whose rolls were examined by the experts of this department, twenty-five had not a single male communicant under twenty-one years of age. In Tennessee, "though more than five-sevenths of the children in the towns are in Sunday-school, in the country less than one-fourth of them belong." In Illinois "only thirteen per cent of the young people attend Sunday-school," and in Maryland "fifty-seven per cent of the churches have no sort of organizations for young people." The conclusion to which these experts were led after careful investigations of the membership of all denominations distributed over a wide territory is that the country church begins to lose its hold on the young people at about the age of fourteen and never regains it.

To those who believe in the church as a fundamental institution in our rural civilization this evil calls for a vigorous remedy. What is its cause, and what must the country church do to recover its moral and spiritual prestige?

We went one Sunday to a little church in a farming village some miles south of Lake Ontario—a church which in every particular was typical of scores of other churches we had visited. It was early autumn, and the air was heavy with the perfume of mellowing harvests; great National events were afoot and a local election was at hand; there was a crisis in the township school board; local option was being agitated; a dozen questions, National and personal, needed to be made plain to the people; a dozen sources of inspiration were at hand. But the solemn little pastor, with his professional smile breaking at sporadic intervals through the clouds of his professional gravity, came laden with a ranting diatribe against what he called glibly the higher criticism, which, by destroying the Bible, was breeding irreligion among the rising generation. Surely the higher criticism had undermined the old respect for the Ten Commandments, or why should young men demand wages of their fathers as if they were common hired men? Why should they want a horse and buggy of an evening or Saturday afternoon off for baseball when their fathers needed them at home? And what but the insidious influence of the higher criticism could have brought our girls to such a pass that they preferred going away to teach school or changing money across the counters in our modern Babylons to cultivating the maidenly virtues at the side of their mothers in the kitchen? And he clinched his indictment against the higher criticism by calling attention to the bitter fact that

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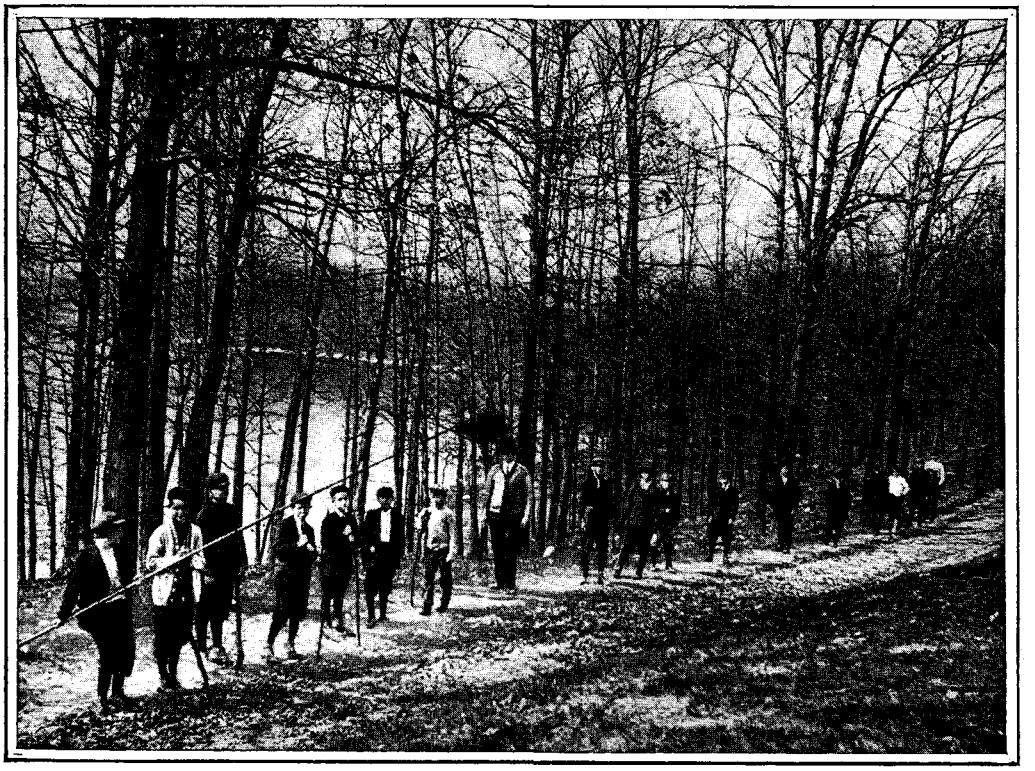
"CHILDREN'S DAY" AT A MISSION CHURCH IN THE WEST



MEMBERS OF THE "CHURCH OF THE OTHER SIX DAYS" ON AN AFTERNOON HIKE

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there was at that moment just one young woman and not a single young man in the congregation.

The growth of this church had reversed the expectation of the men and women who had built the edifice—there were fewer members now than there had been a dozen years ago, and a large room at the rear of the building stood conspicuously idle most of the time. A request had come to the pastor for the use of this room as a temporary headquarters for a club with athletic and Boy Scout features which some enterprising citizens had undertaken to organize among the young men and boys of the village. After church we joined a group of farmers and their wives who were excitedly discussing the request. The sermon of the morning had not left these professing Christians in the most loving frame of mind toward either the sponsors of the higher criticism, whoever they might be, or toward the village boys, whom they knew all too well. From the tenor of the discussion one might have gathered that a plot had been uncovered to turn the church into a saloon or a gambling den.

"Did we not build this church with our own money?" flashed one of the more eloquent ladies. "And do they expect us to turn it over to boys who never come to church and whose parents either belong to some other denomination or to no church at all? The idea!"

"They surely have got nerve!" ventured a red-bearded farmer, pursing up his lips as if there was nothing further to be said.

We watched the church for a considerable time after that; the unused room did not become the headquarters of the boys' club, and the dwindling congregation seemed convinced that the higher criticism was entirely responsible for the defection of the young people. In place after place we found practically the same situation repeated.

It does not require a lifetime spent in the country to see that the leading causes of the slackening hold of the Church on the young are the crudely inadequate training of the men who hold the country pastorates and the sordidly anti-social spirit—the harsh antithesis of the neighborliness of Christ's commandment—that is bred by interdenominational rivalry and strife.

The training of the ministry for country pastorates we discussed with the Professor of Applied Christianity in one of our most important theological seminaries. He said that nothing could be done to meet the problem till some one with money was inspired to endow chairs of rural sociology in the theological training-schools. Until such a time the rural pulpits must inevitably remain proving-grounds for novices aspiring to city pulpits and dignified retreats for the self-respecting aged, the incompetent, and infirm.

"Economic determinism of religious efficiency?" we suggested.

"Just that," he admitted. "The seminaries cannot turn out a body of men efficiently trained for country pastorates unless they have the money to do the work with."

But even this was a more liberal view than that held by another member of the same faculty.

"If you had a son preparing for the ministry," is the way he put his point of view, "would you want to condemn him to the social and intellectual barrenness of a country pastorate so long as there was a single city pulpit willing to pay him a living wage?"

It is this failure of the educational bodies to appreciate the undeveloped opportunities of the church in the open country, combined with the low sense of responsibility toward rural civilization manifested by the warring denominations, that has brought the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations into the field to establish what can rightly be called the Church of the Other Six Days.

We arrived one week-day morning in a sprawling country town in which these Associations had established a base of operations. Being strangers in that corner of the world, we pointed our steps straight toward the nearest church steeple to learn what the religious activities of the community were. But the church and the parsonage beside it were closed for the summer and the minister was away. His porch and vestibule were deserted except for a litter of second-class mail and heaps of unread newspapers; even the shutters were locked and tenanted by spiders. Instead of going to the only other church at the risk of repeating this profitless experience, we tried the local telephone exchange. Unlike the church, the telephone exchange, being there to serve the public, was not closed for the summer. Even if there had not been enough people to make it pay, the business policy of the company would still have kept the exchange open during the slack season. The office was in charge of an alert

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young woman, who received us with the cordiality which was part of her professional training for community service. She answered our questions while responding to the calls of the wires, adjusting complaints, transmitting orders, receiving messages for her "boss," who was out supervising a piece of construction work, with as much surety and despatch as though we had not been there to disturb her concentration.

She was, she said, "what you might call a hard and fast Methodist," except that she never went to church. Why didn't she go? Well, what was the use? Just the same old service Sunday after Sunday, with a hymn or two that as often as not made you feel you would be better off if you were dead, and a sermon that didn't seem to get you anywheres, and then another hymn and a few prayers that made you think there must be something wrong with you for wanting to keep alive. It certainly did not appeal to her!

But the Y. W., as she abbreviated the customary designation of the Young Women's Christian Association—well, Miss R——, the secretary, was just about as wide awake as anybody could be. The way she managed to get hold of the girls was something wonderful.

"Honestly, it was just as if we girls were getting acquainted for the first time last winter, there at the Y. W., and the most of us born and brought up right in sight of each other here in Y—— too! Really, it was funny how I came to join. Of course I had seen Miss R—— on the street last summer when she came to look the place over and get things started; I knew who she was, but we somehow never quite got acquainted. So one day last fall she stopped me in the street and she said: 'Miss X——, I never see you at the Y. W. Why don't you come?' And I said I didn't know, I wasn't a member. You see, I'm awful slow about going into things. Some people walk right into everything, and it becomes 'em too, but I just have to go slow; it wouldn't look right if I didn't. But after her speaking to me I thought I'd go round one day and see what it was all like. And that was the end of me! The way Miss R—— had everybody liking everybody else, and having a good time, and enthusiastic—well, I just had to join and do likewise. And the funny thing about it was that one of Miss R——'s particular friends told me that the reason she specially wanted me to join was because she thought I was a solemn, steady-going kind of person—sort of pious, you know—and that I would help to keep order in the classes. But I guess I tear things up just about as much as anybody.

"You see, we have a basket-ball team, and we have classes in millinery and domestic science, and religious meetings on Sunday afternoons—not the kind that takes all the starch out of you and makes you feel you oughtn't to wear anything but black, but interesting meetings that we lead ourselves. Miss R—— has a dandy book of selections; I don't know where she ever got it; it's full of pieces that make you love your neighbors and not feel ashamed of yourself—and all from the Bible, too! It was awfully hard for me to stand up in front of all the girls and lead, but Miss R—— just said, 'Miss X—— will please lead to-day,' and Miss X—— just did. And really I got so I could have led them right through the Red Sea if I had been asked to! All the girls lead at one time or another. I don't believe Miss R—— had to do it herself more than twice all the year.

"My mother used to raise an awful holler about my going to the Y. W. so much. She kind of thought there must be something wrong about the things we did down there because I liked to go so much—and me her own daughter, too! Well, one evening I just made her go with me to see us play a game of basket-ball with the girls from H——. Mother is what you might call a stiff-necked Methodist, and when we got home she went right up in the air like a lion. If that was religion or had anything to do with conviction of sin, she'd like to know it! They never had done anything like that in the Methodist church. And I said: 'Mother, that's just it. If they'd get a basket-ball team started in the church, I'd go to church, and I know a lot of other girls who would too.'

"Are there many other girls in town who have cut loose from home and church and mother like that? Of course the way I'd put it, I'd say we were a good deal more use to home and mother and ourselves and everybody else than we used to be; and, taking it that way, a good many girls have broken loose, I guess. You see, before Miss R—— came there was simply nothing for us girls to do except make the beds and sit around waiting for somebody to come and see you when there wasn't anybody

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A "COUNTY WORK" LEADER OF THE Y. M. C. A. EXPLAINING NEW FARMING METHODS TO HIS CLASS OF BOYS

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to come, and rock, and do fancy work, and for the star act of the day walk down to the post-office and then walk back again. Now what kind of a life do you call that?

"Why didn't we start something ourselves? Well, you know how it is in a small place like this. Now take me. What if I had piled in and tried to get something started? First thing you know I'd have made some kind of a mistake, stepped on somebody's toe, and quicker than you could say it—if you ever use slang—the whole place would have been on the Dutch. Give me green pastures and cooling streams when a town like this gets on the Dutch! But with Miss R—— it's different. She comes from outside, you know—sent here from New York. She's somebody, and so people are willing to have her do things. And then, of course, she's been taught how, besides, as you might say, having a special call."

What was there about this Young Women's Christian Association work that had taken so strong a hold upon this girl and on scores of other girls throughout the county? What was there about the debating and athletic clubs organized by the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association that might not have been done equally well by either of the two churches in the town? Some people told us that it was because such activities cost money and the churches had all they could do to keep themselves alive; others said that it was because the people liked a new organization—the fermenting of new wine in old bottles. We asked a merchant who had been active in organizing the local Association, and his diagnosis was different.

"There are two churches here," he began, "a Methodist and a Presbyterian, and the way people look at life nowadays there's so little real difference between them that they have to fight one another to keep their separate organizations alive. If the Methodists should attempt to organize a boys' club, the Presbyterians would say they were trying to take away their young people; or it might be the other way round. But these same people will come together in the Associations, forget all about their sectarian differences, and work together and have a good time together like real human beings and Christians. Why, last year the girls had a cooking class, and at the end of the course they gave a supper to show what they had learned and make a little money. I don't think a single mother or father that was able to be up and about stayed away from that banquet—for that's what it really was like, though it only cost a quarter. If that affair had been given by either one of the churches, not a third as many people would have turned out."

We found that the ministers of both the churches were serving on the Association committees, but that neither of them had had the training to inaugurate such work themselves, or the broad-mindedness to make their churches social centers for all the community. They were shut in by the economic determinism of ministerial education on the one hand and outworn denominational differences on the other.

We found the same general situation with mere geographical differences in an organized county in southwest Minnesota. This county had, besides the usual division between the denominational churches, much feeling between the English and non-English-speaking branches of the same church. Their misunderstandings were at so high a pitch as to preoccupy the churches most of the time. This was particularly evident in the town which was the county seat and general trading-place. We sat one Sunday morning in the little public park while the six warring churches that surrounded it were trying simultaneously to serve the Prince of Peace in song. The congregations, as they were dismissed and came straggling across the park, presented the usual ingredients of mature parents and children. Where were the young people?

"I know they aren't at church—many of them," the Young Women's Christian Association secretary admitted regretfully, "though we don't encourage them to come to our rooms during church hours. There doesn't seem to be much of any place for them *to* go. They hang around the railroad station—and things go on there that ought not—and they lounge on the seats in the park. That's why the first thing we did was to open a rest-room where the girls can come and eat lunch when they are in town for the day or attending high school or working in town. Oh, no—none of the churches ever open any of their rooms to the girls. There wasn't any place for them to go before we began. What else are we doing? Well, we try to give them what they can't get in the churches. We have classes, of course, but I think the most important thing is our employment bureau. We try and get hold of all the opportunities for employment that offer, investigate them,

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and let our girls who want work know about them. Why is this important?"

And she went on to tell us of a recent investigation in Minneapolis, the nearest large city, which showed that seventy-five per cent of the fallen women were from the country and the very small towns. They come up to the cities looking for work without any idea of where they are to stop, or with addresses deliberately sent out to mislead them, and are sucked under.

The fact that the country church does not safeguard the country girl is one of the most terrible proofs of its failure; and all over the country we found it liable to that charge. Miss Ella Agnew, who was formerly in charge of the Young Women's Christian Association in Toledo, told us how a train conductor came to her one day and said that a young girl had come in alone on the morning train and asked her way to a certain street and number. His attention had been called away for a moment and she disappeared. He had forgotten the number, but he remembered the block, and said he didn't believe there was a decent house in it. Miss Agnew got the help of the authorities, and they began to search the block. In the very last house they found the girl and sent her home—but this was only a chance dipping up of spilled milk. It is this sort of thing, however, that showed the city Young Women's Christian Association that the country girl must be safeguarded before she leaves home. One part of their campaign is to post placards, giving helpful advice and information, in public places. We saw them in all the railway stations of the Northwest when the girls from college and those bent on their vacations were traveling about alone.

Another country Association we reached in the middle of the wheat harvest, and found that everybody was needed in the fields and all meetings were temporarily suspended. But those who had time to talk told us how the boys and girls had dropped out of the churches, how drunkenness and immorality had increased, and how a disreputable road-house had flourished till the Young Women's Christian Association rented and redecorated an abandoned Masonic Hall at a crossroads in the open country. They found that these well-to-do farmers' daughters were much concerned with the new homes they were almost certain to preside over before long, so they began their first year's work with a study of house-building, from the proper way to place a house on the land, on through the plumbing and decorating. It was necessary to have their meetings in the evening, when the public school teacher who led them was free, and, as the girls could not come and go alone, a group of young men were made honorary members to escort them. The boys and girls would come early from as many as eight or nine miles away to put the room in order for the meetings, which they opened with prayer, followed by half an hour's Bible study, before they took up their study of domestic architecture appropriate to the Northwest, and ended the meeting with games.

"Everybody that could come, always did, and we all hated to go home!"

From once a month the meetings were increased to once a week, till this little Church of the Other Six Days had beat out the road-house and the saloon and become the social center for the young people.

It is apparently easier for the Young Women's Christian Association to get a hold on the rural communities than it is for the Young Men's Christian Association, although the men were first in the field and have much more work under way. We found that the men have to meet certain handicaps that do not hinder the women. As one man told us:

"If you begin by teaching the girls cooking and sewing, you're doing something useful; you get the mothers interested right away, you get into the homes, and that means that everybody'll back you up. But with the boys it's different. There's no way to start with them except athletics, and plenty of people don't think there's any need of boys playing baseball or going on hikes. They say they can get all the exercise they need working on the farm. We've had a hard time finding something useful we could begin by teaching the boys."

It is for this reason that the leaders of the Young Men's Christian Association usually find some form of athletics a handy opening wedge.

For instance, in Hillsdale County, Michigan, they met the common problem, which their organizer stated:

"Given (1) a teacher in a country school four and a half miles distant from a village of five hundred people; (2) seven boys from eleven to fifteen years of age within a radius of three miles; (3) a community at a low spiritual condition with none of the boys interested in Sunday-school or church. Problem: to organize an effective Association."

The teacher did it by getting a pair of

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YOUNG MEMBERS OF THE "CHURCH OF THE OTHER SIX DAYS" AT A CATTLE SHOW

THE LEADER EXPLAINS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GOOD AND POOR SEED CORN TO A GROUP OF YOUNG WORKERS

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boxing gloves and teaching the boys to box—got them interested by giving them a good time. Then he introduced some practical instruction in elementary agriculture, and only after this was well under way did he begin religious instruction through stories of the great men of Bible times.

And out in the fat land of Iowa, where there is plenty to eat and plenty to wear and to go to college with—and a great dearth of occupations more amusing to the young than getting a living when they come back—the Young Men's Christian Association has organized the Evergreen Sporting Association through which to promote social, physical, recreative, and literary activities. Last year forty-eight young people—practically all in the community—were members. Its constitution provides for two baseball games, one field meet, three literary contests, and a competitive hunt and clay-bird shoot every year. Now Evergreen is a rural community three miles from a town and without a church, but it has a Sunday-school which meets in the district school-house, and the leaders of the Sporting Association are the leaders of the Sunday-school. The field meet and one of the ball games occur in connection with the annual Sunday-school picnic. The business meetings of the Association are held after the prayer-meetings. Through the efforts of the Association a corn club has been formed, which in 1910 won first, second, third, and fourth places in the State contest, and brought back a car-load of farm machinery as prizes. This practical linking of religious life with other activities at Evergreen has resulted in a Sunday-school with an average attendance of sixty the year round, in a prayer-meeting held every Thursday night, and in making ninety per cent of the young people Christians.

An added reason why the Young Men's Christian Association use athletics to get the boys interested is because to teach them "anything useful" except farming requires large buildings and elaborate equipment, which are out of spirit with their work. Of course it has been tried. In one farming village in the Northwest we found a Y. M. C. A. building that might have been lifted bodily from any good-sized city. The village people were mightily proud of it. When they directed us to places, it was:

"Go to the Young Men's Christian Association and turn to the right."

"Keep straight on past the Young Men's Christian Association."

"Half a mile south of the Young Men's Christian Association."

And they were likely to add the name of the man who had given the building, and the number of thousands it had cost him.

Inside, that building was pervaded by a vast silence. It was as empty as a church. Not only was it far too large for the needs of the Association, but the people had a natural delicacy in making free with another person's costly gift. The county workers regarded the building as a menace to the success of their work, for the farmers took the giving of so much as a reflection on their ability to pay for what they wanted. In various parts of the East the attempt has been made to center the county work around a large building in the city way, but this method is not usually successful in the open country. As a result the county work is developing a maximum of personality and leadership and a minimum of material equipment.

We did not find anywhere a branch of either of these Associations that was trying to supplant the churches. Rather they are working to prepare a bed in which the seeds of religion will have a chance to sprout. They have substituted for the old copybook adage, "Be good and you will be happy," which every boy or girl of average intelligence believes to be at variance with his or her experience, the more plausible motto: "Be happy, be prosperous, be intelligent and healthy, and there is every chance that you will be good."

The creed of the Association seems summed up in what a county secretary told us:

"We shall see to it that more boys and girls go to college and high school, that fewer babies die, that old people live longer, and that disease is stamped out. We want to help people earn an adequate living and to work together, to be strong and well physically and mentally and morally, to have a good time, and to be useful and to be Christians. What particular church they may join is not our concern; we are trying to make them good servants of the community."

And he showed us a programme that contemplated the development and co-ordination of all the social and spiritual forces of the community—churches, schools, and hospitals.

So far as the young people are concerned, the hope of the church of the open country rests with this "Church of the Other Six Days," which is working toward a new union of religion—not with the State, but with the community.

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REMINISCENCES [1]

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

CHAPTER XVII

AN INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION

THE industrial systems of the world may be classified in three groups: in the first the capitalist owns the laborer—slavery; in the second the capitalist owns the land, and as landowner owes protection to the laborer, the laborer owes service to the landowner—serfdom or feudalism; in the third the capitalist owns the tools and implements of organized industry, and the terms and conditions on which the laborers may use them for their mutual benefit are determined by free contract—the wages system or capitalism. All these systems existed in the civilized world in the first half of the nineteenth century—slavery in the British West Indies and the Southern States of America; serfdom or feudalism in Russia; the wages system or capitalism in western Europe and the Northern States of America. The abolition of slavery in the West Indies and in the United States, and the abolition of serfdom in Russia, left capitalism the prevailing system throughout the civilized world. In this system labor was regarded as a commodity which the laborer had to sell and the capitalist wished to buy. That there was any relation of mutual obligation between the laborer and the capitalist was habitually ignored and sometimes explicitly denied. "An employer," said a defender of this system, "is under no more financial obligation to his workmen after he has paid their current wages than they are to him, or to a passer-by on the street, whom they never saw." [2]

My retirement from the executive work of the Freedman's Union Commission and from the rush of a city life gave me the opportunity, and existing conditions gave me the incentive, to make a study of this system as it was presented by the conditions of labor in the factories and mines in the United States and Great Britain. My practical wife had not much faith in purely theoretical reform, and with characteristic tact early turned my attention from the labor problem of the books to the labor problem of life. I was engaged in writing my first essay on the subject when she came to me with some question respecting the cook which she jocosely suggested to me to solve. I caught her purpose and answered her in the same spirit.

"I am engaged," I replied, "in solving the labor problem of the universe. Do you expect me to lay aside this great problem to consider a question of the cook?'

"Well," she said, "if you will solve the problem of the cooks, I will solve the labor problem of the universe."

I declined to make the exchange. But this concrete illustration made clearer to me than before the truth that the labor problem is a human problem, and cannot be solved by a student in his library; that while I might contribute something to its solution by the dissemination of information and the discussion of theories, the real solution must be made by practical co-operation between the laborer and the capitalist in the workshop, the factory, and the mine. While after that incident my attention vibrated somewhat between the rights and duties of the employer and those of the employed, I never entirely forget the lesson that the labor problem depends for its final solution upon the spirit which men and women carry into their daily vocations.

Two motives conspired to make this labor problem a chief theme of my study for the next forty-five years—my interest as a reformer in the welfare of my fellow-men, and my interest as a journalist in the most important public question of the time.

It was an age of curious contrasts, of sordid selfishness and of impracticable idealism. Each, by reaction, intensified the other. The unconscious cruelty perpetrated by the current forms of industry made reformers too impatient to consider gradual remedies. The impracticability of their panaceas confirmed the practical business men in their conviction that the injustices of the prevailing industrial system were unavoidable, and the ministerial representatives of the capitalistic system were fond of quoting the text, "The poor ye have with you always," without remembering the

[1] Copyright, 1914, the Outlook Company.
The quotations in this and the succeeding chapter are generally from The Outlook unless otherwise indicated. The articles from which these quotations are taken are not always from my pen, but they represent views which, at the time the article was published, I was advocating.

[2] W. A. Croffut, "What Rights Have Laborers?" "Forum," May, 1886.

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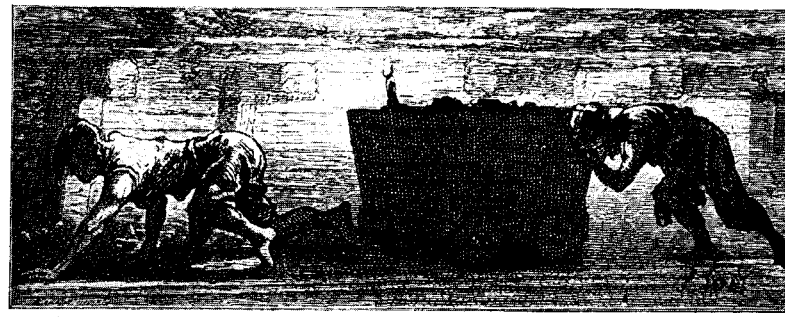
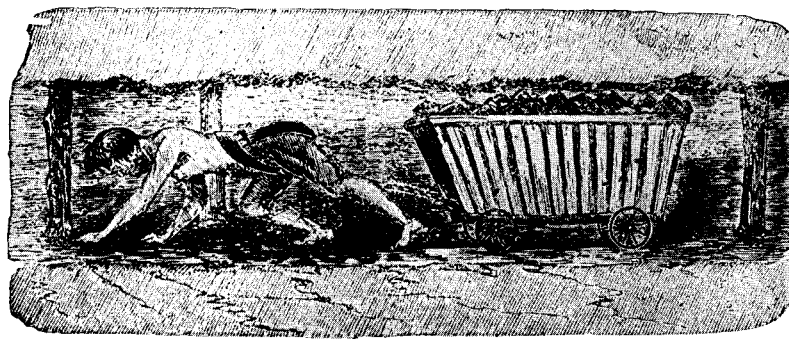


FROM "LA VIE SOUTERRAINE," BY L. SIMONIN

"PUTTERS," OR "TROLLEY-BOYS," IN THE COAL MINES



FROM CHEYNEY'S "INTRODUCTION TO THE INDUSTRIAL AND SOCIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND"

WOMEN WORKERS IN THE COAL MINES

ENGLISH LABOR CONDITIONS IN THE EARLY PART OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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addition, "and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."

The Socialistic publications of the day devoted much of their space to portraying the economic, the educational, the moral, and the political evils produced by the existing industrial system. This was quite right. The orthodox theologian assures us that conviction of sin is the first stage in conversion. It is certain that conviction of social sin is the first stage in social reform. The greatest obstacle to any organic movement for public improvement is furnished by the optimist who thinks that everything is already as it should be. I did not, however, take these Socialistic indictments of society altogether seriously. I was lawyer enough to recognize the radical difference between the speech of a prosecuting attorney and the charge of an impartial judge. But they compelled me to study in more scientific treatises the conditions of the hand-workers throughout the world—the coolies in India, the peasants in Russia, Italy, and France, the peons in South America, and the wage-earners in Great Britain and the United States.

I made the acquaintance of Professor R. T. Ely, the first American, so far as I know, to treat economics as a human study; the first one to regard the industrial problem as one, not of labor and capital, but of laborers and capitalists; the first one to become personally acquainted with workingmen, attend their meetings—I believe joining a labor union—to consider them not as machines supposedly governed solely by self-interest, but as men with wives and children, homes and aspirations, and, like other men, governed by a great variety of conflicting motives. I visited the mines and factory towns of America. I had visited the slums of New York City, as described in a previous chapter, and seen one room occupied by two families, which I was credibly informed had previously been occupied by four, one in each corner. I followed Mr. Valentine's suggestion, and one winter spent six weeks in England, studying its educational, political, and industrial problems. I found the slum conditions in London worse than those in New York in one important respect. In New York men and women were climbing up; in London they were sinking down. In New York they had hopes for their children, if not for themselves; in London they lived in a dull content worse than despair. I found an increasing number of earnest men and women of all faiths engaged in the study of the same problem and in endeavors to find a remedy for the existing conditions. I visited in London the model Waterlow houses and Peabody houses, the first practical efforts to improve the housing of the poor. I visited Toynbee Hall, the first of the social settlements which now exist in every large city and are beginning to extend into our smaller towns and villages. In this country I visited Hull House in Chicago, and similar though less famous settlements in New York. But these sporadic philanthropies had done little more, when I began my studies, than to emphasize the need of a united endeavor to ascertain the cause and cure of industrial conditions.

My study of these conditions, partly through my own observations, partly through the reports of other more careful and thorough students, showed that the doctrine that the state owes no other duty to the laborer than to leave him free to make the best bargain he can, and the employer owes him no other duty than to pay him the current wages, had produced such results as these:

In England agricultural laborers breakfasting on "tea-kettle broth"—hot water poured on bread and flavored with onion—dining on bread and hard cheese, supping on potatoes or cabbage greased with a bit of fat bacon, never eating meat more than once a week, and living in hovels described as "not fit to house pigs in;" in Manchester, Leeds, and London factory employees dwelling in greater moral and physical degradation than that of the prisoners for whose reclamation the great prison reformer Howard had labored; women and little children in the coal mines dragging loaded trucks along low passages, inch-deep in water, going on all fours like horses, with the chains fastened around their half-naked bodies; and all of them, women and children as well as men, working from ten to sixteen hours a day; over a quarter of the population of London, the greatest city of Christendom, living in poverty; and one thirty-fourth of the entire population of England and Wales dependent upon public or private charity. Poverty was accounted by political economists as a burden upon society to be classed with war, pestilence, and crime, and by some of them the burden of poverty was regarded as only second to that of war. In most of the communities where the wages system prevailed nothing was done for either the protection or the education of

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the children except by private charity, and the poverty which the wages system created was in turn a principal cause of two of the other great burdens of society—crime and pestilence.

The conditions in America were not comparable to these in Great Britain, but the same industrial system was certain to produce similar conditions in America in the fullness of time; and even in America they were often intolerable. Men often worked twelve, fourteen, and sometimes sixteen hours in the day. In certain of the iron industries, in which two shifts were employed, they worked habitually twelve hours a day, including holidays and Sundays. No movement to restrict child labor had been initiated in America, and no attempt had been made to regulate by law either the hours or the conditions of women's work.

In the coal mines of Pennsylvania over six thousand boys under fourteen years of age were working nine hours a day in an atmosphere thick with coal-dust, which in a few minutes' visit "will coat the lungs and throat with a black dust which twenty-four hours of pure air cannot clear from the mucous linings." Women employed in factories and shops were working from ten to fifteen hours a day, often in continuous and monotonous work, with the result, established by indisputable scientific and medical evidence, that both body and mind were exhausted and depressed, and in many cases the possibility of motherhood was destroyed. The condition of women working in the tenements was no better. Their constant treading of the machine undermined their health; seamstresses developed anæmia, tuberculosis, pelvic diseases; cigar-makers developed consumption to the extent of ninety per cent. Such women, living in dirty dwellings without air or light, bore children starved before they were born, infected with hereditary disease, and destined either to die in childhood or to populate asylums, hospitals, or penitentiaries.[1]

An industrial system which produced poverty in a land of wealth and hunger in a land of plenty, which incited to crime and begat criminals, invited needless disease, bred pestilence and multiplied deaths, which robbed men and women of their homes and which robbed children of their fathers and mothers, their education, and their play hours, was an unjust and intolerable system. The joy of my own home, the fellowship with my busy but not driven wife, the companionship of my children, and my happiness in their intellectual, moral, and physical growth, intensified my anger—I hope it was a righteous anger—against the system which denied these joys to fellow-men who were as justly entitled to them as myself. These wrongs were what first aroused in me, fresh from the anti-slavery campaign, the resolve to do the little I could for the emancipation of my brothers from this bondage. My realization of other political and social evils growing out of the industrial system came with my further studies and my further endeavors to take part with others in the work of reformation.

For a time I could do nothing except describe conditions and emphasize the need for reform. The American people seemed to be asleep, and I longed to arouse them. The Outlook, then the "Christian Union," had a limited circulation, not exceeding fifteen or twenty thousand. It went chiefly to the employing class, which was an advantage, but its voice was heard only in a limited circle. I longed for a larger field and a more eloquent pen. Invitations began to come to me to address clubs, conventions, dinners, and ecclesiastical assemblies, and wherever I could do so with propriety I made the industrial problem my theme. It became a leading topic of my editorials.

In February, 1885, I began the publication of a series of articles on the Home Heathen of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, and St. Louis, each written by a clergyman living in the city whose conditions he described. My object was to make my half of the world see how the other half lived. These articles appealed to the humanity of my readers; at the same time, in an editorial entitled "Ominous Indications," I appealed to their fears. I pointed out the danger to America from the growing industrial unrest. I said: "During the last few weeks Chicago papers have contained reports of military drills in halls by Socialistic organizations; Pennsylvania papers depict a spirit of deepening discontent among the unemployed in and about Pittsburgh; and the

[1] Authorities for these statements are Professor Francis A. Walker, "The Wages Question," and authorities cited by him; Trevelyan, "The Life of John Bright;" the Encyclopædia Britannica (Ninth Edition); Charles Booth's monumental survey of London, "Life and Labor in London;" the brief presented to the United States Supreme Court in 1909, and the unanimous decision of that Court based on the facts stated in the brief, sustaining the constitutionality of the law limiting the hours of labor for women; reports official and unofficial in The Outlook; and authorities cited in my "Christianity and Social Problems" and "The Spirit of Democracy."

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FROM A DRAWING BY T. DE THULSTRUP IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY" OF MAY 15, 1886. REPRINTED BY PERMISSION

THE "HAYMARKET TRAGEDY" IN CHICAGO, IN 1886, IN WHICH SEVEN POLICEMEN WERE KILLED BY AN ANARCHIST BOMB

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New York papers give the results of an informal census of the Anarchists of New York, which even the most optimistic estimate to number several hundred. These are the men that are ready for ruin to-day; how many are there whom any untoward circumstances might rally to swell their ranks and follow their leadership to-morrow?" This discontent was not without cause; according to Bradstreet, three hundred and fifty thousand factory employees were without work; men in the Belleville coal-field of Illinois received but three dollars a week as their regular wage; in Hocking Valley little children and women were going from door to door asking for rags to clothe themselves. The revolutionary leaders declared that revolution was coming of itself and that the time was near when they could mount to ride the whirlwind and guide the storm. Two weeks later I repeated the same warning of "An Impending Revolution," and pointed out the causes which were leading to it. Political economists, I said, tell us that under our present industrial system the cost of subsistence determines the rate of wages, which means that workingmen cannot earn more by their labor than barely enough for their support. Workingmen are therefore compelled to live from hand to mouth, always near the grave and always liable to see their loved ones dropping into it for want of the simplest necessities of life—good food, good water, and good air. And I quoted from Elisée Reclus in the "Contemporary Review" the following paragraph and called for the answer to it:

> The mean mortality among the well-to-do is, at the utmost, one in sixty. Now, the population of Europe being a third of a thousand millions, the average deaths, according to the rate of mortality among the fortunate, should not exceed five millions. They are three times five millions! What have we done with these ten million human beings killed before their time? If it be true that we have duties one towards the other, are we not responsible for the servitude, the cold, the hunger, the miseries of every sort, which doom the unfortunate to untimely deaths?[1]

Three weeks later, in an editorial entitled "The Socialistic Indictment," I gave a summary of the charges brought by Socialists against the modern industrial system, and said: "We mean ourselves to study this indictment, neither in panic nor in prejudice, and to measure, as well as we can, its truth. It shall not be our fault if our readers do not study it also." And I narrated with gratification an incident reported to me by a reader of the "Christian Union" (now The Outlook) who had met a radical Socialistic leader from the West who denounced the "Christian Union" with hot and profane invective and declared that it was "doing more to defeat the revolutionary designs of the Socialists than all the rest of the religious papers put together, by calling the attention of the public to facts which had hitherto escaped public attention, and by endeavoring with Christianity to patch up reforms of evils on whose existence the Socialists depend to destroy both Church and State."

Seven months later, November, 1885, I contributed to the "Century Magazine" an article in the same spirit entitled "Danger Ahead," pointing out the perils to American society in the then existing conditions: an unregulated immigration; unhindered freedom of speech for the agitators; dynamite that could be carried in a carpetbag; half of our workers wage-workers and a vast majority of them either of foreign birth or children of foreign-born parents, all of them restless and growing more so, many of them acknowledging no fealty to any religion which teaches them the duty or endows them with the power of self-restraint, and taught by their foreign experience to believe that government is despotism, that property is theft and spoliation is redress, and having some ground for their philosophy in the facts of modern life. "A youth starts in life as a deck hand on a river steamer; in half a century he has amassed a fortune of seventy millions. Another begins life with a mouse-trap; in twenty-seven years he exhibits securities worth a hundred millions. Society is a joint stock concern. These are the profits which these two railroad kings have taken from it. Have they earned them? Do the seventy millions in the one case and the hundred millions in the other represent what they have added to the common stock?" I did not think so. There are, I said, only three ways by which man can acquire wealth: by industry, by gift, or by robbery. And "society is organized in the interest of robbery whenever it is so organized as to enable men by their sagacity to take out of the world wealth whose equivalent they have never put into the world. This is the complaint, and the just complaint, of the laboring classes." Bitterness was added to that complaint because they saw more or less clearly that this money had been made, not by

[1] "An Anarchist on Anarchy," by Elisée Reclus, "Contemporary Review," May, 1884.

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industry, but by gambling; and that this gambling had been made possible by means of great corporations. "These corporations," I said, "are already a power in the State greater than the State itself. They control the United States Senate, if not the United States House of Representatives, and the legislatures of several of our States. They have autocratic powers bestowed upon them. They fix the rates of transportation of goods and passengers; they determine the conditions on which and the prices at which telegraphic communication may be carried on between different parts of the country; they are absolute masters both of the nerves and the arteries of the body politic." And these evils, I pointed out, were enhanced because "the stocks of these great corporations are turned into dice by which gigantic gambling operations are carried on, operations in which fortunes are lost and made in a day, operations by which men are tempted from honest industry to their ruin, and other more honest men who resist the temptation are involved in the ruin which a common wreck inflicts upon the community."

Six months later came the Haymarket tragedy in Chicago.

Twenty years before, an International Workingmen's Association had been organized to secure the complete emancipation of the working classes. Factional fights destroyed that organization in Europe. But the more radical faction organized a society in the United States whose avowed object was the destruction of all the existing class rule "by energetic, relentless, revolutionary and international action." Its platform affirmed Proudhon's aphorism "Property is robbery;" proposed "the forcible overthrow of all existing arrangements," and declared that "massacres of the people's enemies must be instituted; the war cannot terminate until the enemy (the beast of property) has been pursued to its last lurking-place and totally destroyed." A public meeting was called in Haymarket Square, Chicago, by the leaders of this organization, at the time of a strike. Fully fifteen hundred people responded to the call, but fortunately a brisk shower diminished the crowd to about half that number. The leaders converted a wagon into a platform from which the speakers addressed the crowd. While one of them was calling on his auditors to put these revolutionary principles into practice, a body of twenty-four policemen appeared to disperse the meeting and to arrest the leaders. A bomb was thrown from the wagon into this group of policemen. With the exception of three of the police, who were at the head of their men and nearest to the speaker, every man in this company of officers was injured; one was killed outright, six died subsequently from their injuries, and others were crippled for life. But not a policeman wavered, and, being speedily reinforced, they broke up the mob and arrested four of the Anarchists; others of their company were subsequently arrested, and seven were found guilty of murder and declared by the jury to be worthy of death.

Tragic as this occurrence was, it served a useful purpose. It put an end to the International in America and awakened the complacent and self-satisfied nation to the existing perils. And it demanded of the reformers that, instead of dwelling on these perils, they direct their thoughts to a study of the question how the evils could be cured and the perils averted. The principal remedies theretofore proposed by social reformers may be conveniently grouped in seven classes: Violence, Anarchism, *Laissez-Faire*, Communism, Labor-Unionism, State Socialism, The Single Tax.

I. With the proposal of energetic, relentless war against capitalists as enemies of society I had no sympathy. But the violence of mobs was less a disease than a symptom, and while lawless violence must be resisted by lawful violence, success in such resistance would not alone solve the problem. Nine years before the Haymarket tragedy, The Outlook said, apropos of a railway strike accompanied by violence: "Of course the first thing is to put down the rioters by vigorous measures at whatever cost. But there will then still remain a work of good will to be done, or this émeute, which is by far the most serious of its kind that has yet occurred in this country, will only be the precursor of others of the same sort still more serious. The military can only handcuff the hands of the striker; the moralist must find a road to his head and his heart, or, when the handcuffs are taken off, the next strike will be more vigorous than ever." This twofold judgment was repeated in substance with every recurring strike when accompanied by violence. Greater emphasis was generally put upon the necessity of finding a remedy for industrial wrong than upon the necessity of repressing violence; for all the readers of The Outlook believed in repressing violence,

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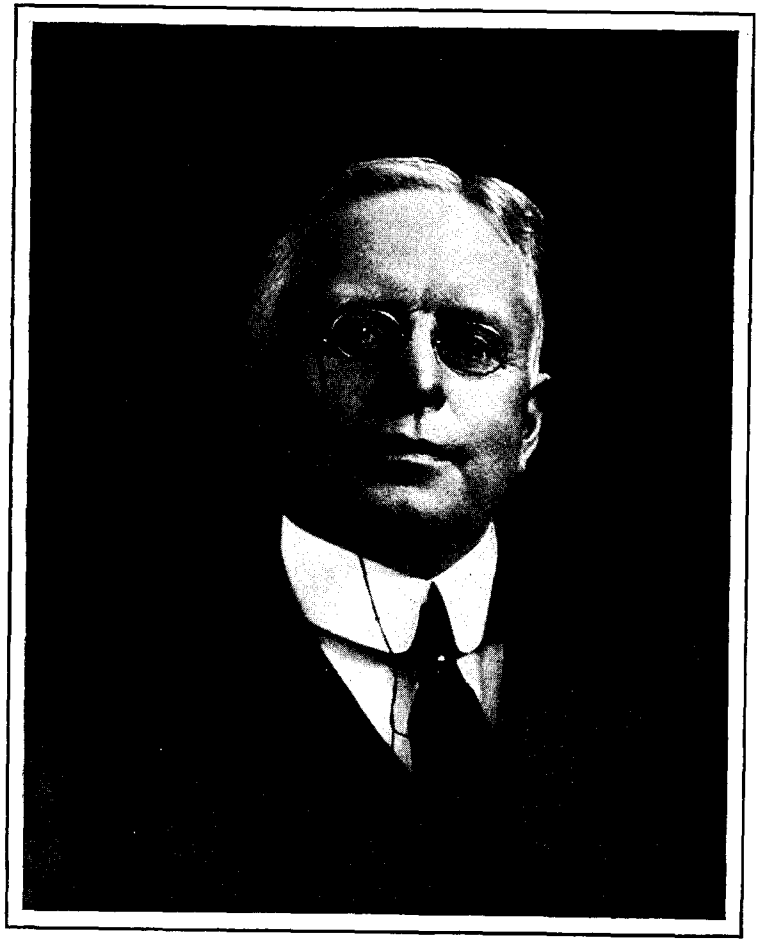
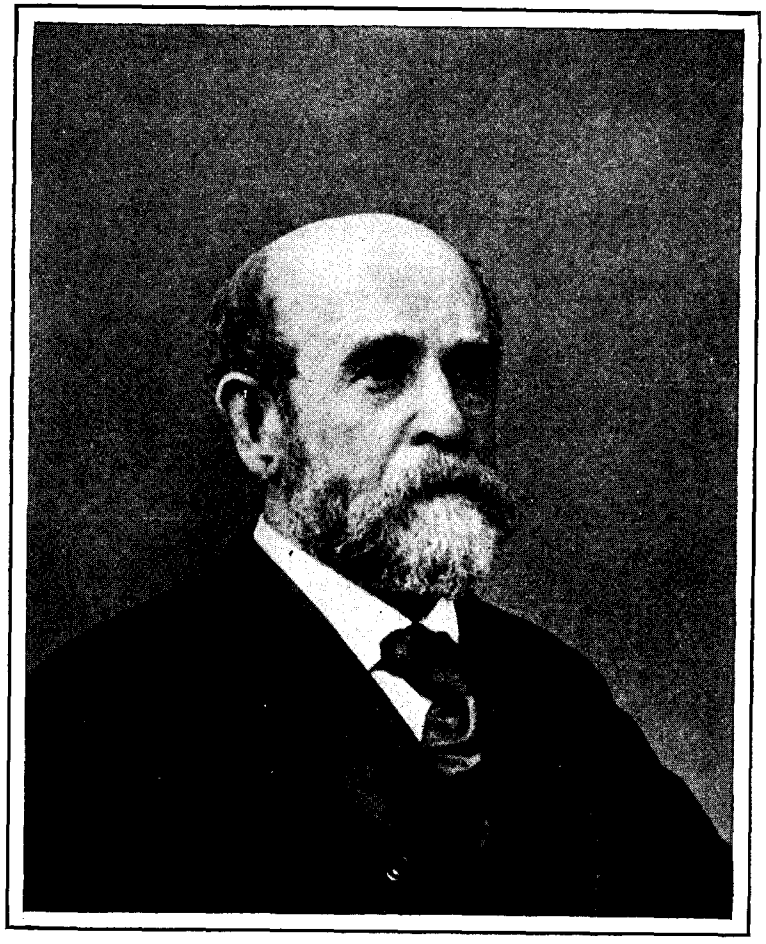


RICHARD T. ELY

"I made the acquaintance of Professor R. T. Ely, the first American, so far as I know, to treat economics as a human study; the first one to regard the industrial problem as one, not of labor and capital, but of laborers and capitalists; the first one to become personally acquainted with workingmen—*I believe joining a labor union*"



HENRY GEORGE

"We . . . talked the industrial problem over together. The man attracted me quite as much as the book which he had written. . . . When he died I was glad to join . . . in public tributes to Henry George's memory, in what was one of the greatest memorial services ever held in America in honor of a purely private citizen"

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but many of them had to be awakened to the necessity of looking for a remedy.

II. But all Anarchists are not assassins. There was a philosophy of Anarchism propounded by some thoughtful men which deserved consideration, and therefore sympathetic though critical interpretation. To that philosophy I gave some study, the results of which I embodied in an address delivered in 1902 before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York on "Anarchism." In this address I summed up the previous teachings of The Outlook scattered through a number of years; I accepted the definition of Anarchism furnished by one of its advocates, E. V. Zenker, "The perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, and consequently the absence of any kind of external government." This doctrine the Anarchists defended on philosophic grounds—the sanctity of the human will; on historic grounds—the evils wrought in history by despotism; on religious grounds—Christ's forbidding his disciples to resist evil. I pointed out the fact that in religion all Americans believe in the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual; that the popular economic doctrine was that industry should be wholly left to the perfect, unfettered self-government of the individual, subject only to natural law and free competition; and, still further, that those who believe that "all just government rests upon the consent of the governed" could hardly object, logically, to the conclusion of the Anarchists that there can be no just government where there is no such consent. This aphorism I absolutely repudiated, a repudiation which brought upon me a mild torrent of not mild criticism. But what I said then I here repeat:

Law exists independently of man's will; the moral law no less than physical law. "We are under law, and we cannot help ourselves. Law comes neither from the divine right of kings nor from a divine right of democracies; it is eternal, immutable, divine; it proceeds, as Hooker has said, from the bosom of Almighty God. From Anarchists who are assassins we should protect society by whatever penal laws are necessary, but to philosophical anarchism we should give a patient hearing and answer it with fair and honest reason. Journalists must affirm, instructors teach, ministers preach, the divine, inviolable, eternal sanctity of law. Legislators must understand that they cannot make laws, they can only discover them; legislation must conform to the eternal laws of morality; and the courts must administer law for the purpose of securing justice. Let legislators legislate for special classes, protect the rich and forget the poor, estimate the prosperity of the nation by the accumulation, not by the distribution, of wealth, and intrench by legislation an industrial system with long hours, little leisure, and small rewards for the many, and the accumulation of unimagined wealth for the few, and let the courts allow the rich to keep the poor waiting till their patience and their purses are alike exhausted, crimes go unpunished until they are forgotten, and the petty gambler be arrested but the rich and prosperous one go free—and Anarchism will demand the abolition of all law because it will see in law only an instrument of injustice. The way to counteract hostility to law is to make laws which deserve to be respected."[1]

III. In this essay I incidentally expressed my view of the current economic doctrine popularly known as *Laissez-faire*—the doctrine defined by Adam Smith in the following two sentences: "All systems either of preference or of restraint, therefore, being completely taken away, the obvious and simple system of natural liberty establishes itself of its own accord. Every man, as long as he does not violate the law of justice, is left perfectly free to pursue his own interest in his own way, and to bring both his industry and capital into competition with those of any other man, or order of men." This philosophy, which would leave all industry to the operation of natural laws, I had repudiated as early as 1878. "The community," I said, "which attempts to set aside natural laws is one of lunatics; but the community which makes no attempt to employ and direct them is one of barbarians." And I warned of the danger which this policy invited. I said, "There is growing up a plutocracy in the United States just as full of possible danger as an aristocracy, and against it there will certainly be raised up contesting influences by which it will be limited. . . . *Laissez-faire* is no safe pilot for such a sea. It is one that demands the profoundest study of the profoundest thinkers of America." For the first ten years of my editorial work, in dealing with the industrial situation, my chief purpose was to persuade my readers that we cannot safely leave the industrial situation to work itself out, but that it must be worked out by intelligent

[1] Condensed from the address.

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co-operative action; that the prevailing discontent was deep, widespread, and justified; that men who were working from ten to twelve hours a day to earn their livelihood could not be expected to find a remedy; that their more prosperous and intelligent brethren must find it for them; and I found in such writers as Professor Francis G. Walker, John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Arnold abundant authority for my contention that under the existing industrial system there is no real freedom of contract and there is a practical injustice which inevitably incites to envy, jealousy, and hatred.

IV. There were certain sporadic attempts to find relief from the free competitive system by the organization of communities in which the property was owned in common and the industries were carried on for the benefit of all the members. Such communities were organized in America at New Harmony, Pennsylvania, Brockton and Oneida in New York, and Brook Farm in Massachusetts. More important than any of these was the Shaker settlement in New Lebanon, New York. This latter settlement I visited, and I made some study of the others through two volumes published at the time, Mr. John H. Noyes's "History of American Socialism" and Mr. Charles Nordhoff's "The Communistic Societies of the United States." These societies seemed to me to contribute as little toward the solution of the labor problem as did the monasteries in the Middle Ages to the solution of the practical problems of a growing civilization. They offered an escape from the problem, not a solution of it; and most of them, I believe, no longer exist.

V. Labor organization offered a more valuable contribution to the solution of the industrial problem than did either Anarchism, Laissez-faire, or Communism. The capitalists were organized in great corporations. The laborer as an individual had to take such wages and such conditions as the corporation prescribed. If a railway engineer objected that his hours of labor were too long, he was told to quit; it was always easy to get some one to take his place. Laborers therefore organized in order that they might deal on equal terms with capitalists who were already organized. Only thus could they secure anything like that freedom of contract which the wages system promised but did not secure. I defended, and still defend, the right of the laborers thus to unite for the promotion of their common interests. But I recognized the fact that "the trades-union is not organized like a political club, for purposes of persuasion, nor like a literary club, for purposes of education, nor like a co-operative club, for purposes of industrial benefit; it is organized chiefly to protect its members against the oppression of employers, or to wrest from employers a larger share of the profits. It is founded on the assumption that the interests of the employer and the employed are antagonistic; and that combination is necessary to protect the employed from their employers." A condition of society in which the employers are leagued together to keep the price of wages down, and the employees are leagued together to force the price of wages up, could never produce industrial peace nor promote human brotherhood. It might ameliorate the absolutism of capital, but it could do so only by maintaining a condition of perpetual though suppressed warfare. It tended to promote strikes and lockouts, and every such conflict, whichever side won, widened the chasm between the classes and increased the danger of a bitter and violent conflict.

VI. The spirit of Socialism as expressed in the fine phrase of James Russell Lowell, "Socialism means, or wishes to mean, co-operation and a community of interest, sympathy; the giving to the hand, not so large a share as the brain, but a larger share than hitherto, in the wealth they must combine to produce," is as old as the human race. With this spirit I was in hearty sympathy from my college days. But with the methods of modern Socialism, which dates from the early part of the nineteenth century, I was not in sympathy.[1] If Socialism means that the present industrial system is radically wrong and needs to be revolutionized, then I am a Socialist. If it means that the revolution desired involves the ownership of all the tools and implements of organized industries and their direction and control by the political organization—the Nation, the State, or the city—then I am not a Socialist. I once asked an advocate of this school whether in a socialistic State I could own a piano and give concerts.

He answered, "Certainly; but the State would give so much better concerts for so small a price or for none at all that you could not make concert-giving profitable."

[1] The very term "socialist" first occurs in the English language in 1837 or 1838.

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A CONFERENCE BETWEEN CAPITALISTS AND LABOR LEADERS AT THE HOME OF ANDREW CARNEGIE IN 1907

At the extreme left of the picture is Mr. August Belmont; Mr. Carnegie is next to him. Among others present at this meeting were: Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, Archbishop John M. Farley, T. V. Powderly, James P. Holland (Firemen's Union), Charles M. Schwab, J. W. Sullivan, Hugh Frayne (American Federation of Labor), the Hon. Seth Low, Miss Anne Morgan, Mrs. J. Borden Harriman, Edward Gould (President Teamsters' Joint Council), the Rev. Lyman Abbott, and William Weihe, the big six-foot iron worker who led the Homestead strike in 1892, and who had not met Mr. Carnegie since that time

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"Might I own a wheelbarrow and spade and cultivate a garden?"

"Certainly."

"Could I employ a gardener?"

"Y-e-s. But not to cultivate vegetables for the market."

That this is not an extreme but only a concrete statement of the practical effects of political Socialism is made clear by my quotations from Socialistic writers, in the chapter on "Political Socialism," in "The Spirit of Democracy." A single sentence from one of the best and most thoughtful of American Socialists must here suffice—John Spargo: "The State has the right and the power to organize and control the economic system." I am too much of an individualist to accept this form of Socialism. "It is not industrial liberty. It is industrial servitude to a new master." A State church has never given religious liberty; a State industry would not give industrial liberty. "If," I said, in a lecture delivered to an audience which included not a few Socialists, "I must have a boss, I would rather have Carnegie, the capitalist, than Croker, the Tammany politician."

Moreover, while I saw in Christianity and Socialism a common spirit, I also saw in them a radical difference. Socialism and Christianity start from the same starting-point and propose the same goal. They agree in declaring that the present social structure is radically wrong and in proposing to give humanity an ideal society. But their methods are different. Socialism would reform society in order to reform the individual. Christianity would transform the individual in order to transform society. I believe in both. "Our business is to incorporate Christian principles in government and society; to make government a universal service and society a universal brotherhood." But in this work the individual comes first. "Rotten timber cannot make a sound ship."

VII. One other reform remains to be mentioned—the Single Tax. When Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" appeared, the clear vision, simple philosophy, unflinching courage, and lucid English of the author appealed to me. Through a mutual friend I secured the presence of Mr. George at a private dinner, where we three talked the industrial problem over together. The man attracted me quite as much as the book which he had written. I do not undertake here an exposition of his philosophy. It is enough to say that in his fundamental postulate, that the air, the sunlight, the rivers, navigable or unnavigable, the soil and its contents, naturally belong to the community; that all property rights in these natural products are purely artificial, created by the community, I heartily agree. But I do not and did not agree with him that when the community has created such artificial rights it has a right to abolish them without compensation. Nor do I agree with some of his followers who apparently think that the practical abolition of private ownership in land by levying a tax equivalent to a rental of all land properties would be a panacea for industrial evils. How I think the principles of Henry George should be and are being applied in working out a new social order will appear later. Here I may add that when he died, in the fall of 1897, I was glad to join with Dr. Gustav Gottheil, a Jewish rabbi, Dr. Edward McGlynn, a Roman Catholic priest, and John Sherman Crosby, a radical Socialist, in public tributes to Henry George's memory in what was one of the greatest memorial services ever held in America in honor of a purely private citizen.

How I found my way through these conflicting schemes of reform to my own conclusion—the one which I have been advocating for thirty years—I do not know. I suspect that the clue was suggested to me by the first of three visits which I made at different times to the coal mines of Pennsylvania. There was supposed to be a glut of coal in the market. The men were working only half time, of course on half wages; and whole wages were none too much for a comfortable livelihood. Of course there was discontent. I made the acquaintance of a Welsh preacher who was also a mine worker, and he invited me home to dinner. He was not angry, but puzzled. He and his comrades were thought intelligent enough to elect a Governor and legislators for the State, a President and Congress for the Nation, but they had no share in determining what should be their own hours of labor, or the wages they should receive. We never know, he said, when we go to work in the morning but that the boss may tell us when we come out of the mine at noon that there is no more work for us and we need not come back tomorrow. And I thought of Stephen Blackpool, in Dickens's "Hard Times," and what the labor problem meant to him: "Let 'em be. Let everything be. Let all sorts alone. 'Tis a muddle, and that's aw."

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I think it was after this that I offered my first suggestion respecting this muddle. It was in November, 1884. The Outlook at that time announced an enlargement in the following year, and took occasion to reaffirm its belief in democracy—" democracy in religion, in government, in education, in industry, against hierarchy in the church, oligarchy in government, aristocracy in letters, and plutocracy in society." Prior to that time I had advocated specific reforms—the regulation of tenement-houses by law; the creation of State and Federal Railway Commissions, and the regulation of the telegraph and the railways by the joint action of the State and Federal Governments; the control of all the great corporations by the Government; the development of industrial education in our public school systems; the protection of the public domain from foreign and domestic trespassers; but I had not clearly seen, at least I had not clearly stated, to what ultimate issue these specific reforms pointed.

The following year I gave to industrial liberty a more definite meaning. I expressed the hope that " the conflict between labor and capital will come to an end in an epoch in which the capitalists will be laborers and the laborers will be capitalists; in which neither employers nor government but industry itself will control its implements of industry, and will at once control and compensate its own toil." I criticised the labor leaders as not sufficiently radical. " Instead of seeking for an industrial organization which will make labor its own master and capital a commodity to be hired in the cheapest market, they are content to leave the present industrial organization unchanged, and seek only to wring by battle a little larger wage out of the employers, or to transfer mastership from individual capitalists to a political machine." And I argued the practicability, at least the possibility, of this industrial democracy: " A great factory in modern times, I said, requires on an average a thousand dollars capital for every workingman employed; if there are a thousand workmen there are needed a million dollars. . . . If we can bring about a state of society in which every workingman can have a thousand dollars invested in his work, workingmen will be their own capitalists and their own masters, and the present industrial difficulty growing out of chronic and suppressed conflict between laborers and capitalists will be at an end." In such an organization the workers would own their tools and implements, would control the mill or factory, and would divide among themselves the profits and the losses of the enterprise."

While urging this as the ultimate goal of all industrial reform, I opposed as vigorously as I knew how some of the more dangerous of the panaceas described above—Labor war, Anarchism, State Socialism—and advocated with equal earnestness specific industrial reforms: shorter hours, better wages, sanitary legislation, prohibition of child labor, restriction of woman's labor, and the like. On three reforms I laid special emphasis, partly because I believe they led surely but gradually and indirectly in the direction of industrial democracy. These reforms were postal savings, industrial education, and legal recognition of labor unions.

In one of my tours of investigation through the mining region of Pennsylvania I found between Philadelphia and Wilkes-Barre but one savings bank. One beneficent mine operator, lamenting this fact, told me that for a time his company took the savings of the men and allowed them interest. But when hard times came on and the company had difficulty in securing the money necessary to continue their business, the workingmen came clamoring for their savings, and the company decided that it would never repeat the experiment. It was right. It is not well for the workingman to depend both for hisw ages and his savings on the one corporation. I began then an agitation in The Outlook, continued for over twenty years, for a postal savings bank, urging that the workingman should find it as easy to put his money at interest as to post a letter. My dream of twenty years ago has now come true. The deposits made in the Postal Savings Bank indicate that the will to save is not lacking; and this indication is confirmed by the reports from the private savings banks. " It is reported by the Comptroller of the Currency that there were in 1909 nearly nine million depositors in the savings banks of the United States, who owned therein $3,713,405,709. A considerable proportion of these depositors are wage-earners, yet they belong to the creditor class. They are capitalists loaning their capital through the savings banks to the managers of great enterprises. When the great enterprises are so honestly managed that stock in the enterprise is as safe as a deposit in the savings bank, many of these savings-bank depositors will become shareholders in the

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enterprise which, by their work, they are carrying on."

To be a capitalist the workingman must not only have money and the facilities for keeping it, he must have an educated intelligence. Under the wages system the capitalists or employing class had no interest and not much inclination to furnish the means to their employees to acquire this intelligence. Children were set to work at nine or ten years of age. Their fathers and often their mothers worked ten to fourteen hours a day. The schools were purely academic and almost purely literary. They made bookkeepers and clerks and typewriters, but not mechanics. They were not schools for the miners and the factory hands; if the children of the miners and the factory hands sometimes attended them, it was only that they might escape as speedily as possible from the serfdom of their fathers. If the low-priced, unintelligent labor of America ran short, it was always possible to import low-priced, unintelligent labor from abroad. The immigration laws have done something to shut off that foreign supply; the child labor laws, the first one of which was enacted by Rhode Island in 1853, have done something to shut off the domestic supply; and industrial and vocational education is doing something to prepare the working classes to be their own masters and the managers of their own industry. Said Abraham Lincoln in 1859: "As the Author of man makes every individual with one head and one pair of hands, it was probably intended that heads and hands should cooperate as friends, and that that particular head should direct and control that pair of hands." It took over fifty years for the country to grasp the full significance of this pithy saying. In fact, we have not yet fully grasped it.

In 1885 I wrote in The Outlook: "The lack of industrial or manual training in our schools is a capital defect. . . . Knowledge of the more common tools and of the ways of using them; of the elementary mechanical operations; of the common ways of manipulating wood, and perhaps iron—this can be imparted to boys in our schools from fourteen to sixteen years of age, at no great expense, and with the greatest advantage to the boys themselves and to society at large."

Private philanthropy had at that time begun to grapple with this problem. There was an Industrial Education Society in Boston and similar societies in New York and other cities. But while these charitable enterprises "ought," I said, "to be fully equipped and heartily supported," their chief value I believed would be "to furnish a demonstration of the values of such training and to point out the defects to be mended in our systems of public education." That was thirty years ago. The latest report of the Commissioner of Education in Washington shows industrial and vocational schools maintained by the State in all but one of the States of the Union. These schools cover every variety of trade and industry—agriculture, commerce, mining, and manufactures. They are in addition to endowed schools and schools established by private industries, such as the Standard Oil Company, which not only furnishes education for certain of its employees in evening schools at the expense of the Company, but which also provides training for work in the Far East and pays the students a moderate salary while they are getting this education. This movement, so widespread that it may be called universal, has the support both of Chambers of Commerce and of Labor Unions; and in many cases the industrial schools and the private industry co-operate, the student getting in the mine or in the factory practical experience, and in the schools instruction in the principles of his chosen industry. This marks a great change since Abraham Lincoln characterized a prevalent theory of his time: "A blind horse upon a treadmill is a perfect illustration of what a laborer should be—all the better for being blind that he could not kick understandingly." The country little realizes how much it owes to Samuel C. Armstrong, H. B. Frissell, and Booker T. Washington for the impulse they have given to industrial education throughout the country by what they have done to promote it in the Negro race, both by the object-lessons afforded at Hampton and Tuskegee and by addresses in support of vocational education which they have given in almost every part of the United States. An occasional reactionary capitalist still opposes industrial education, fearing that it will unfit the laboring classes for their allotted station, and an occasional labor leader opposes it because he is obsessed with the idea that industrial education is inferior to literary education. Nevertheless, the conviction that the object of education is preparation for life, and that the object of life is service for others, and therefore all education should fit for service, is

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steadily making its way into the consciousness of the American people.

I have steadfastly, continuously, and without hesitation, by pen and voice, maintained that it is the right of workingmen to organize and that it is generally wise for them to do so, and have frequently said that if I were a workingman I should belong to my trade union. He who in his youth advocated the emancipation of slave laborers could not do otherwise than maintain the liberties of so-called free laborers. Neither the folly of some of their leaders nor the criminal acts of others have ever caused me a moment's doubt as to the rights of the men whom they misrepresented. I have lived to see those rights first denied by law and all labor organizations forbidden as conspiracy; then gradually and grudgingly conceded; then carefully defined; then defended and safeguarded. And I have seen this change in the laws accompanied, and in large measure caused, by a similar change in public opinion. What I could do I have done to promote that change; I wish that I could have done more. Not until after the emancipation of the slaves both by Great Britain and by the United States did English law recognize the right of workingmen to form combinations for the protection and promotion of their rights. About 1875 the British Parliament enacted a well-considered scheme of legislation defining that right, legalizing strikes and picketing if unaccompanied by violence, and at the same time prohibiting public disorder and willful injury to property.

During his second term President Roosevelt called a very interesting conference at the White House. It included two or three important labor leaders, a labor lawyer, two Justices of the Supreme Court, and some other gentlemen representing different social and industrial interests. Myself and two of my sons were there as representatives of journalism. In this conference one of the labor leaders, asked by Mr. Roosevelt what the labor organizations wanted, replied: A clear definition of the legal rights of labor, that they may know what those rights are. This seems to me a reasonable request, and the action of Great Britain affords a good example for America to follow. To some extent it has done so. Most of the courts of this country have interpreted the rights of the workingmen substantially in accord with the essential principles of the English legislation of 1875. Two special acts of legislation are worthy of note in this connection. The laws enacted by several of our States, following European example, entitling the workingman to receive, as a matter of course, compensation for accidents suffered in the course of his employment, are based on the idea that the employer owes to his employee some other financial duty than that of merely promptly paying his wage; and the act of Congress exempting labor organizations from the operation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law is in itself a distinct repudiation of the theory that labor is a commodity which the employee sells to his employer.

Two striking events in the last four or five years further indicate this change in public sentiment:

The Federal Council of Churches, in which all the leading Protestant evangelical churches of the United States are included, formally affirmed in 1914 their belief that Christianity involves a social as well as a theological creed, and gave utterance to such a creed. It includes a living wage for workingmen, protection from dangerous machinery and occupational diseases, the abolition of child labor and the sweating system, a reduction of the hours of labor to secure that leisure which is a condition of the highest human life, a suitable provision for old age, and, what is most important of all, "*the most equitable division of the profits of industry that can ultimately be devised.*" This marks a very wide departure from the doctrine that the employer owes no financial obligation to the workingman except the prompt payment of his wages. If, as is often asserted, and I am inclined to think with truth, the Church represents the employers rather than the workingmen, this social creed represents a radical change in the attitude of the employing class.

The other indication is afforded by the organization of the National Civic Federation. In this organization such capitalistic leaders as August Belmont, the banker, and George W. Perkins, formerly partner of the late J. Pierpont Morgan, unite with such labor leaders as John Mitchell, formerly head of the United Mine Workers of America, and Samuel Gompers, President of the Federation of Labor, to discuss the industrial situation in an annual convention, always closing with a banquet in which laborers and capitalists sit down together. One of the most interesting social gatherings I ever attended was one held a few years ago at the house of Andrew Car-

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negie, growing out of this Civic Federation, at which laborers and capitalists met socially as equals on the simple ground of a common humanity. Such gatherings have an effect to promote a true industrial democracy, an effect all the greater because indirect.

The undefined duty of the capitalist partner to give to the workingmen a share in the profits of their common enterprise is now recognized by some concerns by better wages voluntarily offered, in some by welfare work systematically carried on, in some by a bonus at Christmas, in some by a system of profit-sharing, in some by opportunities offered to the workingman to become a stockholder. This changed attitude of employers was expressed recently by a friend of mine engaged in manufacturing business by the sentence: "Formerly we paid the least wages we could and keep our workingmen contented; now we pay the best wages we can consistently with conducting successfully a profitable business." Participation in administration grows much more slowly than participation in profits. But, comparing 1915 with 1885, the growth is easily discernible by the open-minded. Sometimes the employer simply gives to every employee free access to him with complaints, and a real and patient consideration of them; sometimes he invites conference with trusted representatives of his employees; sometimes he deals of choice with official representatives of the labor union to which his employees belong—J. Pierpont Morgan is reported to have said, "I would rather deal with one man than with ten thousand men;" sometimes an executive administrator is employed who serves as a connecting link between the owner of the property and the workingman and who has natural sympathy with both; sometimes, though as yet very rarely, details of administration are largely left to a selected representation of the employees. But more important than any specific acts is the growing spirit of mutual comprehension and co-operation between employer and employed, changing the atmosphere in many a shop from one of suspicion and hostility to one of industrial friendship.

In the next chapter I shall consider some of the political changes which have accompanied and in part been produced by this change in public sentiment.

WAR, COMMERCE, AND AMERICAN CITIZENSHIP

PATRIOTISM AND PROFIT—ARE THEY RELATED?

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

Beyond the place of wrath and tears
Looms but the horror of the shade.
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul.

—"*Invictus*," *by William Ernest Henley.*

AS this is written the world waits upon the answer which Germany shall make to the ultimatum of civilization served upon her by our President in the name of the American people.

Doubtless every business man in the United States is asking himself how he can best support the Government if the issue should be war.

We cannot all fight, but none of us is unwilling to make any sacrifice that patriotism may require.

Financial trepidation under such circumstances is traditional, but it is inconsistent with courage and seems to be unwarrantable at present.

That the complex commerce which ministers to our civilization may continue to function normally, confidence is necessary, and the confidence of capital is best expressed by investment. If it is checked, distribution is interrupted, industry is halted, and unemployment follows.

To attend to his business and keep it

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going would, therefore, seem to be the first obligation of every American business man just now.

Patriotism and profit are words that suggest incongruous ideas, but in the history of the United States those who have shaped their financial policy by a belief in our Government and its institutions have not been unrewarded.

The fame and fortune of Stephen Girard were founded upon his action in the dark days of 1813 when he took $4,980,000 of the $5,000,000 loan that the Government had unsuccessfully offered to the public.

The banking house of E. W. Clark & Co., which financed the country through the Mexican War, still continues to enjoy the prestige thereby gained; and those who have since had the courage to buy American securities or back American enterprise in periods of mistrust have never failed to profit by this faith.

In the present situation the duty of affirmative confidence in the economic future of the Nation is more imperative than ever.

The struggle in which Europe is engaged is essentially one of economic endurance.

It is plain that, whatever may be the result of our correspondence with Germany, the interests of the United States and the Allies are now indissolubly linked. It is nevertheless unlikely that we can render any military service of value to these interests in the near future, and it seems unnecessary that we should attempt it.

In any case, our principal activities must continue to be industrial and financial, and any enlargement of our army and navy will tax the productive power of our manufacturers to the utmost.

The value of our co-operation will therefore depend almost entirely upon maintaining and increasing our commercial efficiency. To do this it is necessary that we should not only seem but *be* confident and self-sufficient. The debt that England owes to Lord Kitchener's supreme self-reliance is beyond computation. The resolute tranquillity of his courage was contagious and has infected the whole nation. American business men have now an opportunity to render a similar service to their country and to civilization.

Surely there was never a time when the obligation of financial courage bore more directly upon Americans and a feeling of financial confidence in America was better justified. We are actually and relatively the richest people in the world. The balance of trade in our favor for the six months ending May 31 will exceed $800,000,000. A money panic is unthinkable, for our plethoric resources are in the keeping of a banking system which can be made responsive to every need of commerce. It is a blessing for which we should be profoundly grateful, and its adoption just before the European war broke upon us now seems to have been providential.

We have just finished marketing the largest wheat crop the country has ever produced, and a still larger one is now definitely in prospect. Our other food crops promise equally well as far as we are now able to discern. Our foreign debts are paid and we are rapidly becoming the world's chief lender.

Our gold supply is larger than that of any other nation and is increasing every day.

Our foreign commerce has profited enormously by the disability of our European competitors, and we are extending our trade in every direction.

So endowed, is there any reason why we should hesitate to exert ourselves in behalf of the very principles by which we have benefited?

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay;"

and it is not strange that the possessors of wealth are affected by the conditions under which it was obtained.

So long as we stood aloof, content to profit without risk or sacrifice by supplying Europe with the instruments of suicide, it was to be feared that the sordidness of a selfish neutrality would deprive us of our self-respect or the respect of others.

Now that our activities may reflect our sympathies, they at once acquire a moral quality that dignifies and ennobles them.

If in this spirit we support the demands that the President has made upon Germany, it may well be that our enthusiasm will induce a coalition of mankind that will be irresistible, and an earlier ending of the war than had seemed possible.

Germany must know that the moral influence of a united world is invincible.

The very desperation of her recent savagery shows that she has lost confidence in the justice of her cause.

No Government can long exist that does not show "a decent respect for the opinions of mankind," and the eagerness with which

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Germany has sought to win the respect of the United States proves her appreciation of this truth.

Those who perished on the Lusitania will not have died in vain if through their death the tremendous moral power of this Nation shall be made effective not only for our own protection but for the ending of a struggle that is the world's greatest tragedy and disgrace.

To measure the chance of loss or gain when such an opportunity is before us is to show ourselves unworthy of the heritage for which our forefathers pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor; but it is nevertheless true that he who is the captain of his soul is the master of his fate in the material as well as the spiritual world.

The undoubted relationship between the spiritual and the material is, in fact, one of the mysteries of economics that is being partially revealed by the present war.

In the crucible of sacrifice the alchemy of courage is converting doubt into faith, defeat into victory, and loss into gain. Perhaps the time will come when we shall see that business ambition and patriotic service are not in any respect incompatible.

PRISONERS OF WAR

BY GEORGE KENNAN

THE present European war differs in many respects from any previous war recorded in history, and among the most striking and noteworthy of its peculiarities is the immense number of prisoners taken on both sides. The Germans say that they have captured more than 600,000—mostly Russians; the Russians declare that they hold nearly half a million, including Austrians, Germans, Turks, and Kurds; the Allies have probably taken 200,000 in Belgium, France, Africa, and Manchuria; and the Turks have gathered in a few thousand more—all Russians—in the Transcaucasus and eastern Asia Minor. In the nine countries, therefore, that are at war—Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Servia, Montenegro, Turkey, and Japan—there must be at the present time 1,200,000 or 1,300,000 prisoners of war; a greater number of fighting men than the combatants in most previous wars have ever put at one time into the field.

When we consider these extraordinary figures, we feel inclined to agree with the Japanese army officer who, when he learned that 100,000 Russians had gone to Berlin as prisoners, remarked, rather contemptuously: "That is not war; it is emigration." To the Japanese Samurai, surrender, under any conceivable circumstance, is disgraceful. If he cannot avoid capture in any other way, he will kill himself; but so long as he is unhurt and has a weapon in his hand he will fight. In the whole course of the Manchurian campaign of 1904–5 only a few hundred Japanese soldiers were taken prisoners, and they were mostly men who had been so severely wounded that they could neither fight nor commit suicide.

It might be interesting to inquire what peculiar conditions in the present war have made necessary the surrender of such great masses of men in the open field; but, leaving that question to military experts, who are more competent to discuss it than any civilian can be, I purpose to consider briefly in this article some of the results of transferring hundreds of thousands of men suddenly from one country to another. What effect does such a change of environment have upon the prisoners themselves, and what impression do they make upon the people among whom they are thrown? If I confine myself for the present to Russia and Japan, it is only because those are the countries that I know most about.

The first strong impression made upon the German and Austrian prisoners in Russia was one of boundless geographical magnitude. Most of them had probably learned in school that the Empire of the Czar comprises a seventh part of the habitable globe; but it is one thing to accept a fact on the authority of a map or a text-book, and quite a different thing to realize it vividly in personal experience. Most of the Austrians and Germans were sent to remote parts of Siberia; and when, after fifteen days of travel in railway trains and ten or twelve days more in horse-

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drawn vehicles, they asked their guard, "Haven't we got nearly to the end of your d——d country?" the Russian soldiers cheerfully replied, "Oh, no! This isn't anywhere near the end; it's thousands of versts yet to the Pacific." Before they reached their ultimate destinations in Vitimsk, Olekminsk, or the Ussuri region these prisoners not only realized the difference between a school-book fact and a fact of personal experience, but felt some access of respect for a country into which half a dozen Austrias and Germanys might be put without anywhere overlapping, or even touching, its boundaries.

The next impression made upon the Austro-Germans by their changed environment was also an enlightening one, and consisted in the discovery that Russian peasants are not ferocious, skin-clad barbarians, prone by nature to burn, murder, and destroy. The prisoners found them, on the contrary, to be simple, good-humored, kind-hearted, and often surprisingly sympathetic and compassionate. The Siberian peasants have long been accustomed to show kindness to exiles—and especially political exiles—who have been sent to Asia under guard, as alleged enemies of society or of the Czar. Such men have always been regarded and spoken of as "unfortunates," and have generally been treated along the road with sympathy and commiseration. When, early in the winter, German and Austrian prisoners began to come into Siberia in the same way, under the escort of armed guards, the peasants, having no natural hatred for anybody, regarded them also as "unfortunates," and extended to them the kindness that they had been accustomed to show to "politicals."

In many villages along the old exile routes the peasants voluntarily brought to the prisoners bread, milk, and eggs, for which they would take no pay; in one settlement they contributed chickens and hot soup; in another they heated the village bath-house and helped the half-frozen Germans to bathe; and in a third, off the railway, where the ill-clad prisoners were forced to march in bitter cold, and where they were evidently suffering intensely from exposure and exhaustion, the peasants, on their own initiative, harnessed fifty horses and carried the whole party on sledges to the next station. To the dejected Germans and Austrians, who had expected from the "Russian barbarians" only curses and blows, such behavior was a revelation.

But the surprises and favors were not all on one side. In the Russian folk-tale "Napoleonder" the peasant narrator describes the change of heart which, according to tradition, Napoleon experienced just before the battle of Borodino, and then says:

"The great conqueror never noticed that his heart was growing softer and warmer, but so it was. . . . Then the evil spirit went away from him, and left him in all respects like other people."

As the German soldiers went eastward into Siberian solitudes, and gradually emerged from the atmosphere of hatred and war, they too experienced a change of heart, and began to respond gratefully to the kindness and compassion that were so often shown them. Then "the evil spirit went away from them, and left them in all respects like other people." Finally, when they reached their destination, and began to share the life of the remote villages where they were interned, they recovered completely from the "persecution monomania" from which they had so long suffered, and became once more their normal, kindly selves. Then the Siberian peasants, looking at them, exchanging signs with them, and joining them in friendly laughter, said to one another in surprise:

"Of course they are enemies, and dumbies,[1] but, after all, they are folks."

As the Germans, in particular, became accustomed to their new environment, they began to look about them for means of earning money and thus bettering their situation. As most of them in the remoter parts of the country were not shut up in concentration camps, but were turned loose in the villages, they were allowed, under certain restrictions, to do any labor for which they happened to have inclination or training; so they soon began to work at their trades or vocations, and to show the peasants new or better ways of doing things. In education, both literary and technical, they were generally in advance of the people among whom the fortunes of war had thrown them, and in many cases they soon became local centers of enlightenment and practical efficiency.

It is a curious and significant fact that the men who have done most to educate and civilize Siberia entered the country in leg fetters or under guard, as prisoners or criminals. The Polish exiles, who were sent there by the thousand after the insurrection

[1] The Russian name for German is *Niemets*, which also means a dumb person, or one who cannot talk intelligibly.—G. K.

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of 1861, scattered the seeds of knowledge and culture everywhere among the inhabitants, and introduced arts and methods previously unknown in that part of the world. A new and useful wheeled vehicle which they first made is still in use, and still bears the name of its inventors. Then, twenty years later, rudimentary science, literary culture, and the study of nature were taught to the Siberians by the political exiles of 1875–85, most of whom were university students or professional men. To them Siberia is largely indebted for the progress made in geographical exploration, as well as for the improvement and extension of journalism and the development of natural science. More than half of the existing culture of northern Asia is due to the initiative of men who were sent there originally as political criminals. Now, at last, come the Germans, the Austrians, and the Hungarians, many of whom undoubtedly are talented, or at least skilled and practically efficient, men. Their influence will be limited somewhat by the barrier of language and by bureaucratic restriction of free intercourse, but it will be felt, nevertheless, in hundreds of remote Siberian villages where the peasants have had few opportunities to see or learn. The officers—and especially the Prussian officers—who are described as arrogant, overbearing, and contemptuous, may not contribute much; but the common soldiers, and particularly the Social Democrats from Germany, will almost certainly make friends with the local population and share with the latter their knowledge and experience.

The hundreds of thousands of Russian prisoners now held in Germany may not be able to add anything of value to the German fund of knowledge; but, if they are allowed to mingle freely with the local population, their simplicity, sincerity, and natural friendliness will tend to break down barriers of racial and national antipathy, and show the Germans that the Russian people, at least, will never be a menace to Teutonic civilization. As for the prisoners themselves, they too will be strongly influenced by their changed environment. Tens of thousands of them—peasants from small country villages—will be brought into contact with a high material civilization for the first time, and will have their desire for enlightenment stimulated by evidences of the power and prosperity that education alone can give. When they return to Russia, therefore, they will carry the seeds of progress in their minds and hearts.

Unfortunately, however, the Russian and Prussian despotisms are already taking steps to prevent the free intercourse of prisoners and people, and to check the growth of international sympathy and respect which might result therefrom. In an order issued by the Russian Minister of the Interior a few weeks ago prisoners of war are strictly forbidden to visit shops or places of popular resort, and all citizens are warned that, if they allow prisoners to visit them or call upon them in their houses without written permission from the military authorities, in every case they will render themselves liable to three months' imprisonment or a three thousand ruble fine.

In Germany no expressions of compassion or manifestations of sympathy with prisoners are tolerated. Under the title "Sympathy Prohibited" the German Social-Democratic journal "Vorwärts," in its issue of April 27, says:

"The municipal police office in Schwerin announces: 'It has repeatedly happened of late, when war prisoners have passed through, that the civil population has shown an extraordinarily tactless behavior. Not only have large crowds of curious persons congregated, but many spectators—mainly the women—have not refrained from showing sympathy with the prisoners by weeping, by gifts, by assistance in carrying luggage, etc. The civil population is reminded that measures have been taken whereby such conduct will be prevented in future under all circumstances.'"

The ministers and overlords who make war do not intend to allow people and prisoners to make peace. Hatred and violence are to be encouraged, but not sympathy or compassion. If prisoners and people were allowed to exchange thoughts and feelings, they might perhaps discover that it is the brotherhood of despots which makes impossible the brotherhood of man. Then the despots would be likely to lose their power, if not their heads.

The most remarkable exhibition of kindness and friendliness to prisoners that has been made in the present war was made, as might naturally have been expected, in Japan. The Japanese were the first to show the world that war may be carried on with deadly efficiency but at the same time with courtesy and chivalry, and now they are

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setting the world an example of magnanimity in the treatment of captured enemies.

In a letter from Tokyo the furnishing of Christmas trees and presents to the German prisoners from Tsingtao is described as follows:

"Real Christmas trees, such as they have in Germany, were sent to the eleven groups of German prisoners of war by the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association. The plan was first suggested by a Japanese who had spent some years studying in Germany. He knew how much the Germans make of Christmas, and how homesick and disconsolate the prisoners would probably feel as captives in a strange land. The idea was at once acted upon. As the *momi* (evergreen trees) grow only in cold regions, Dr. Sassao, of Sendai, who took his doctor's degree at the University of Halle, enthusiastically undertook to get any number of trees from the mountains near Sendai. He went out in driving snow and sleet and, assisted by Professor Wurfel, picked out fifty-two of the best-shaped trees that could be found. They and the foresters alike worked hard till long after dark, and on their return had to ford several streams. When the woodcutters learned what the trees were for, they worked without a murmur, although their hands were stiff from cold, and they would take only a pittance for their time. The manager of the forest, too, demurred at taking payment, but finally compromised by taking five sen (2½ cents) a tree. The Railroad Bureau not only transported the trees free, but rushed them through by fast freight, in order that they might reach the most remote stations in time for Christmas. An exceptionally fine tree was picked out for General Waldeck [German commander of Tsingtao] and was sent to him at Fukuoka.

"Besides the trees, the Japanese Young Men's Christian Association sent to the German prisoners 2,500 candles, 50,000 sheets of writing paper bearing a Christmas greeting at the top, and 1,500 envelopes. The whole plan was put through at short notice and without publicity, but all the Japanese who heard about it were delighted."

The Kaiser, who first warned the world against the "Yellow Peril," and the officers who led the German troops in the invasion of Belgium might find material for profitable reflection, perhaps, in a comparison of this simple story with the order of the police office in Schwerin and the recently published report of the Bryce Commission.

THE SURVIVORS

A MEMORIAL DAY STORY

BY ELSIE SINGMASTER

IN the year 1868, when Memorial Day was instituted, Fosterville had thirty-five men in its parade. Fosterville was a border town; in it enthusiasm had run high, and men had enlisted in far greater numbers than those required by the draft. All the men were on the same side but Adam Foust, who, slipping away, joined himself to the troops of his mother's Southern State. It could not have been any great trial for Adam to fight against most of his companions in Fosterville, for there was only one of them with whom he did not quarrel. That one was his cousin Henry, from whom he was inseparable, and of whose friendship for any other boys he was intensely jealous. Henry was a frank, open-hearted lad who would have lived on good terms with the whole world if Adam had allowed him to.

Adam did not return to Fosterville until the morning of the first Memorial Day, of whose establishment he was unaware. He had been ill for months, and it was only now that he had earned enough to make his way home. He was slightly lame, and he had lost several fingers of his left hand. He got down from the train at the station, and found himself at once in a great crowd. He knew no one, and no one seemed to know him. Without asking any questions, he started up the street. He meant to go, first of all, to the house of his cousin Henry, and then to set about making arrangements to resume his long-interrupted business, that of a sad-

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dler, which he could still follow in spite of his injury.

As he hurried along he heard the sound of band music, and realized that some sort of a procession was advancing. With the throng about him he pressed to the curb. The tune was one which he hated; the colors he hated also; the marchers, all but one, he had never liked. There was Newton Towne, with a sergeant's stripe on his blue sleeve; there was Edward Green, a captain; there was Peter Allinson, a color-bearer. At their head, taller, handsomer, dearer than ever to Adam's jealous eyes, walked Henry Foust. In an instant of forgetfulness Adam waved his hand. But Henry did not see; Adam chose to think that he saw and would not answer. The veterans passed, and Adam drew back and was lost in the crowd.

But Adam had a parade of his own. In the evening, when the music and the speeches were over and the half-dozen graves of those of Fosterville's young men who had been brought home had been heaped with flowers, and Fosterville sat on doorsteps and porches talking about the day, Adam put on a gray uniform and walked from one end of the village to the other. These were people who had known him always; the word flew from step to step. Many persons spoke to him, some laughed, and a few jeered. To no one did Adam pay any heed. Past the house of Newton Towne, past the store of Ed Green, past the wide lawn of Henry Foust, walked Adam, his hands clasped behind his back, as though to make more perpendicular than perpendicularity itself that stiff backbone. Henry Foust ran down the steps and out to the gate.

"Oh, Adam!" cried he.

Adam stopped, stock-still. He could see Peter Allinson and Newton Towne, and even Ed Green, on Henry's porch. They were all having ice-cream and cake together.

"Well, what?" said he, roughly.

"Won't you shake hands with me?"

"No," said Adam.

"Won't you come in?"

"Never."

Still Henry persisted.

"Some one might do you harm, Adam."

"Let them!" said Adam.

Then Adam walked on alone. Adam walked alone for forty years.

Not only on Memorial Day did he don his gray uniform and make the rounds of the village. When the Fosterville Grand Army Post met on Friday evenings in the post room, Adam managed to meet most of the members either going or returning. He and his gray suit became gradually so familiar to the village that no one turned his head or glanced up from book or paper to see him go by. He had from time to time a new suit, and he ordered from somewhere in the South a succession of gray, broad-brimmed military hats. The farther the war sank into the past, the straighter grew old Adam's back, the prouder his head. Sometimes, early in the forty years, the acquaintances of his childhood, especially the women, remonstrated with him.

"The war's over, Adam," they would say. "Can't you forget it?"

"Those G. A. R. fellows don't forget it," Adam would answer. "They haven't changed their principles. Why should I change mine?"

"But you might make up with Henry."

"That's nobody's business but my own."

"But when you were children you were never separated. Make up, Adam."

"When Henry needs me, I'll help him," said Adam.

"Henry will never need you. Look at all he's got!"

"Well, then, I don't need him," said Adam, as he walked away. He went back to his saddler shop, where he sat all day stitching. He had ample time to think of Henry and the past.

"Brought up like twins!" he would say. "Sharing like brothers! Now he has a fine business and a fine house and fine children, and I have nothing. But I have my principles. I ain't never truckled to him. Some day he'll need me, you'll see!"

As Adam grew older, it became more and more certain that Henry would never need him for anything. Henry tried again and again to make friends, but Adam would have none of him. He talked more and more to himself as he sat at his work.

"Used to help him over the brook and bait his hook for him. Even built corn-stalk houses for him to knock down, that much littler he was than me. Stepped out of the race when I found he wanted Annie. He might ask me for *something!*" Adam seemed often to be growing childish.

By the year 1875 fifteen of Fosterville's thirty-five veterans had died. The men who survived the war were, for the most part, not

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strong men, and weaknesses established in prisons and on long marches asserted themselves. Fifteen times the Fosterville Post paraded to the cemetery and read its committing service and fired its salute. For these parades Adam did not put on his gray uniform.

During the next twenty years deaths were fewer. Fosterville prospered as never before; it built factories and an electric car line. Of all its enterprises Henry Foust was at the head. He enlarged his house and bought farms and grew handsomer as he grew older. Everybody loved him; all Fosterville, except Adam, sought his company. It seemed sometimes as though Adam would almost die from loneliness and jealousy.

"Henry Foust sittin' with Ed Green!" said Adam to himself, as though he could never accustom his eyes to this phenomenon. "Henry consortin' with Newt Towne!"

The Grand Army post also grew in importance. It paraded each year with more ceremony; it imported fine music and great speakers for Memorial Day.

Presently the sad procession to the cemetery began once more. There was a long, cold winter, with many cases of pneumonia, and three veterans succumbed; there was an intensely hot summer, and twice in one month the post read its committing service and fired its salute. A few years more, and the post numbered but three. Past them still on post evenings walked Adam, head in air, hands clasped behind his back. There was Edward Goreen, round, fat, who puffed and panted; there was Newton Towne, who walked, in spite of palsy, as though he had won the battle of Gettysburg; there was, last of all, Henry Foust, who at seventy-five was hale and strong. Usually a tall son walked beside him, or a grandchild clung to his hand. He was almost never alone; it was as though every one who knew him tried to have as much as possible of his company. Past him with a grave nod walked Adam. Adam was two years older than Henry; it required more and more stretching of arms behind his back to keep his shoulders straight.

In April Newton Towne was taken ill and died. Edward Green was terrified, though he considered himself, in spite of his shortness of breath, a strong man.

"Don't let anything happen to you, Henry," he would say. "Don't let anything get you, Henry. I can't march alone."

"I'll be there," Henry would reassure him. Only one look at Henry, and the most alarmed would have been comforted.

"It would kill me to march alone," said Edward Green.

As if Fosterville realized that it could not continue long to show its devotion to its veterans, it made this year special preparations for Memorial Day. The Fosterville Band practiced elaborate music, the children were drilled in marching. The children were to precede the veterans to the cemetery and were to scatter flowers over the graves. Houses were gayly decorated, flags and banners floated in the pleasant spring breeze. Early in the morning carriages and wagons began to bring in the country folk.

Adam Foust realized as well as Fosterville that the parades of veterans were drawing to their close.

"This may be the last time I can show my principles," said he, with grim setting of his lips. "I will put on my gray coat early in the morning."

Though the two veterans were to march to the cemetery, carriages were provided to bring them home. Fosterville meant to be as careful as possible of its treasures.

"I don't need any carriage to ride in, like Ed Green," said Adam, proudly. "I could march out and back. Perhaps Ed Green will have to ride out as well as back."

But Edward Green neither rode nor walked. The day turned suddenly warm, the heat and excitement accelerated his already rapid breathing, and the doctor forbade his setting foot to the ground.

"But I will!" cried Edward, in whom the spirit of war still lived.

"No," said the doctor.

"Then I will ride."

"You will stay in bed," said the doctor.

So without Edward Green the parade was formed. Before the court-house waited the band, and the long line of school-children, and the burgess, and the fire company, and the distinguished stranger who was to make the address, until Henry Foust appeared, in his blue suit, with his flag on his breast and his bouquet in his hand. On each side of him walked a tall, middle-aged son, who seemed to hand him over reluctantly to the marshal, who escorted him to his place. Smilingly he spoke to the marshal, but he was the only one who smiled or spoke. For an instant men and women broke off in the middle of their sentences, a husky something in their

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throats; children looked up at him with awe. Even his own grandchildren did not dare to wave or call from their places in the ranks. Then the storm of cheers broke.

Round the next corner Adam Foust waited. He was clad in his gray uniform—those who looked at him closely saw with astonishment that it was a new uniform; his brows met in a frown, his gray mustache seemed to bristle.

"How he hates them!" said one citizen of Fosterville to another. "Just look at poor Adam!"

"Used to bait his hook for him," Adam was saying. "Used to carry him pick-a-back! Used to go halves with him on everything. Now he walks with Ed Green!"

Adam pressed forward to the curb. The band was playing "Marching Through Georgia," which he hated; everybody was cheering. The volume of sound was deafening.

"Cheering Ed Green!" said Adam. "Fat! Lazy! Didn't have a wound. Dare say he hid behind a tree! Dare say—"

The band was in sight now, the back of the drum-major appeared, then all the musicians swung round the corner. After them came the little children with their flowers and their shining faces.

"Him and Ed Green next," said old Adam.

But Henry walked alone. Adam's whole body jerked in his astonishment. He heard some one say that Edward Green was sick, that the doctor had forbidden him to march, or even to ride. As he pressed nearer the curb he heard the admiring comments of the crowd.

"Isn't he magnificent!"

"See his beautiful flowers! His grandchildren always send him his flowers."

"He's our first citizen."

"He's mine!" Adam wanted to cry out. "He's mine!"

Never had Adam felt so miserable, so jealous, so heartsick. His eyes were filled with the great figure. Henry was, in truth, magnificent, not only in himself, but in what he represented. He seemed symbolic of a great era of the past, and at the same time of a new age which was advancing. Old Adam understood all his glory.

"He's mine!" said old Adam again, foolishly.

Then Adam leaned forward with startled, staring eyes. Henry had bowed and smiled in answer to the cheers. Across the street his own house was a mass of color—red, white, and blue over windows and doors, gay dresses on the porch. On each side the pavement was crowded with a shouting multitude. Surely no hero had ever had a more glorious passage through the streets of his birthplace!

But old Adam saw that Henry's face blanched, that there appeared suddenly upon it an expression of intolerable pain. For an instant Henry's step faltered and grew uncertain.

Then old Adam began to behave like a wild man. He pushed himself through the crowd, he flung himself upon the rope as though to tear it down, he called out, "Wait! wait!" Frightened women, fearful of some sinister purpose, tried to grasp and hold him. No man was immediately at hand, or Adam would have been seized and taken away. As for the feeble grasp of the women—Adam shook them off and laughed at them.

"Let me go, you geese!" said he.

A mounted marshal saw him and rode down upon him; men started from under the ropes to pursue him. But Adam eluded them or outdistanced them. He strode across an open space with a surety which gave no hint of the terrible beating of his heart, until he reached the side of Henry. Him he greeted, breathlessly and with terrible eagerness.

"Henry," said he, gasping, "Henry, do you want me to walk along?"

Henry saw the alarmed crowds, he saw the marshal's hand stretched to seize Adam, he saw most clearly of all the tearful eyes under the beetling brows. Henry's voice shook, but he made himself clear.

"It's all right," said he to the marshal. "Let him be."

"I saw you were alone," said Adam. "I said, 'Henry needs me.' I know what it is to be alone. I—"

But Adam did not finish his sentence. He found a hand on his, a blue arm linked tightly in his gray arm, he felt himself moved along amid thunderous roars of sound.

"Of course I need you!" said Henry. "I've needed you all along."

Then, old but young, their lives almost ended, but themselves immortal, united, to be divided no more, amid an ever-thickening sound of cheers, the two marched down the street.

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THE LUSITANIA

BY HAROLD T. PULSIFER

For that proud ship we do not weep;—
From out the womb of future years
Ten thousand ships will dare the deep,
Her peers, and more than peers.

We do not weep for those who died,
Nor question of the sullen sea
Why in her dark and awful tide
A thousand needless graves should be.

Yet we are solemn with the dread
Of those to whom the tocsin comes
Loud with the story of their dead
To wake the throb of sleeping drums.

In riven steel and murdered men
Lies not the measure of our loss;—
Look, there a nation lifts again
A bloody Figure on a cross!

How shall we guard us from her hand,
How guard from her the ancient law?
Her maddened brain heeds no command
Save that which keeps the brute in awe!

How bar the portals of the past
And block the gateway to her goal,
How keep the faith until at last
We save our honor and her soul?

No riot cry for vengeance blinds
Our passion for a righteous world;
With bitter hearts but steady minds
We stand with battle banners furled.

Not craven heart nor palsied tongue
Keeps back our fingers from the sword,—
The courage men have left unsung
Still waits in service to the Lord.

YET BY THE HERITAGE WE GUARD
MORE THAN THE COST OF PRESENT LIVES
SHALL WE BE JUDGED WHO WATCH AND WARD
WITHIN A WORLD WHERE GOD SURVIVES!

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THE NEW BOOKS

Il Trentino, la Venezia Giulia, e la Dalmazia nel Risorgimento Italiano. By Lupo della Montagna. Brentano's. $1.

One of the chief causes, if not the chief one, of Italy's prolonged neutrality and of her probable intervention in favor of the Triple Entente in the early future is her long-fostered wish to redeem Italia Irredenta, as the Italian provinces still governed by Austria are usually called; that is, the Italian Tyrol, or Trentino, and Istria, with the towns of Trieste and Gorizia. To these provinces some would add Dalmatia, which is geographically autonomous, but populated by more Slavs than Italians. An account of these provinces and their relation to Italy is of timely interest and has been published by Lupo della Montagna, the *nom de plume* of Dr. Lancillotto Thompson. Of course the subject has been treated before, especially as to the Trentino, but it has never been so fully handled as in this volume.

The author calls attention to the fact that the Carbonari, the earliest champions of Italian liberty, aimed from the first at an Italy which was to include Cattaro and Trieste. The events of 1848 and 1849, such as the insurrection of the Italian Tyrol and the promptly repressed movements of Istria and Dalmatia, are fully told, and so is the conspicuous part taken by the Irredenti in that defense of Rome which has been graphically described by Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, and in the defense of Venice. There is an interesting account of the efforts of the Italo-Tyrolean Deputies at the German Parliament of Frankfort in 1848, when they tried to obtain the separation of their territory from the German Confederation, to which it had been arbitrarily joined, as well as the declaration of the Istrian Deputies at the Parliament of Vienna in the same year, when there was talk of uniting their province to the German Confederation. The contribution of Italia Irredenta to the formation of a united Italy in 1870 is fully described, and interesting information is also given concerning subsequent political agitation in these provinces, of which the author had first-hand knowledge. His closing sentences show the spirit in which his party regards the situation to-day:

> And now all hail to our brothers of Trento, Trieste, Gorizia, Istria, and Dalmazia. We have seen that during the Risorgimento the Irridente provinces claimed and affirmed their Italian nationality and proved themselves Italians in fact and deed—in their aspirations and achievements, in the press, in committees, conspiracies, insurrections, in prison, on the battlefield, and on the scaffold. We have also seen that their inalienable right to be considered a part of the Italian nation has been recognized and acknowledged by the greatest Italian patriots, by Garibaldi, by Mazzini, Victor Emmanuel II, Cavour, Ricasoli, Cattaneo, Pepe Manin, Cairoli, and Saffi. May Italy, and especially the youth of Italy, remember the Terre Irredente in this hour of awakening; and may the determination to redeem them form a part of every dream of future greatness. And in order that Italy may realize her glorious destiny let every Italian be prepared to sink all party differences and to unite in resisting the power which claims the Alpi Giulie, the Retiche, and Dalmazia. May there be but one war-cry—Italy, Italy, for all her sons!

The book is in Italian, but those who read that language will be grateful for a knowledge of it, and it is to be hoped that an English translation of the volume will soon be forthcoming. It is almost needless to add that the sale of the book has been forbidden in Austria.

Property and Contract in Their Relations to the Distribution of Wealth. By Richard T. Ely. 2 vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

This work is a first-class addition to the literature of what may well be termed Progressive Economics. Its one defect is an over-elaborativeness of detail, with failure to provide summaries that would develop clearly the author's fundamental principles and point of view. In the absence of such summaries, some readers may hastily conclude that his attitude to property and contract and his general economic theory are of the essence of Socialism—which is not the case. On the contrary, while emphasizing the social significance of all rights in property and the importance of supervision and modification of contracts for the good of society, Professor Ely is equally insistent on the necessity of maintaining private ownership. He would, indeed, have social reform proceed along the lines of a universalization rather than a socialization of property, except in the case of "public utilities," holding that everybody should, and can, become a property-owner, through right education and a "suitable social environment." All this to the furtherance, however, of the general rather than the individual welfare; for it is the good of society which Professor Ely always has chiefly in view. More and more also, as his many citations make evident, the courts are coming to appreciate the social side and purposes of property and contractual rights. Few economic treatises that have appeared in recent years are more deserving of attentive consideration than this *magnum opus* by the veteran Wisconsin professor.

Spell of Flanders (The). By Edward N. Vose. The Page Company, Boston. $2.50.

The author aptly quotes Lord Beaconsfield's saying that "Flanders has been trodden by the feet and watered by the blood of countless generations of British soldiers." Since the author made his vacation trip through northern Belgium just before the outbreak of war this historical utterance of Lord Beaconsfield is doubly true. The present narrative is largely one of personal experience, and records the pleasures

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of travel, but it also contains a very interesting historical account of many ancient towns, most of which were little known to tourists, but are now familiar words in every newspaper. The book is illustrated by a large number of interesting photographs. Its timely interest is obvious. When the war is over, no part of the world will be more interesting to American travelers, and they will then find this unpretentious but readable book of decided interest.

Debaters' Handbook Series. The H. W. Wilson Company, White Plains, N. Y. $1 per vol.

The series indicated by the above title now contains twenty-five or more volumes, and we would advise all of our readers who are interested in preparing papers or taking part in debates in clubs and societies to send to the publishers for a list of the books. It is also true that the handbooks are of value to any person who wishes to obtain information on the subjects included. Each has a bibliography and gives many references to books, magazines, and pamphlets, and each takes up the affirmative and negative side of the subject discussed in considerable detail, and with many extracts from official reports and from published articles. The character of the series may be indicated by naming a few of the subjects treated: Direct Primaries, Capital Punishment, The Commission Plan of Municipal Government, The Income Tax, Woman Suffrage, Child Labor, Trade Unions, World Peace, Single Tax, The European War.

The publishers have done a real service in preparing these handbooks with such care and thoroughness.

Faith and Social Service. By George Hodges. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

"We are beset with problems. The characteristic symbol of this generation is the question mark. Our patron saint is the Sphinx."

This opening paragraph of Dean Hodges's new book arrests attention by the vivid style which holds it through the chapter on "The New Forces," introductory to his discussion of the problems they present to gird faith for social service. Nor is there a dull page in his treatment of them, chapter by chapter—the problem of indifference, of doubt, of poverty, of labor, of moral reform, and of the city. Of these he singles out as the supreme problem *poverty*, boding peril both to democracy and to religion. "Everything else turns upon it, and leads up to it, and is confronted by it. We are all the poorer for it. We cannot afford to let it go on, taking no account of the weather, and making light of predictions of the deluge." Whatever organized charities can do to mitigate the evil by their constructive philanthropy will be ineffectual, as is here shown, till a root-and-branch disposal of it comes through the soultion of labor, moral reform, and city problems.

Dean Hodges's statesmanlike and practical treatment of all these problems is from the viewpoint of religion as the central motor of the evolution of humanity. "Economics, like theology," says he, "is of little use except for the sake of character." Necessary as it is to change environing conditions, "the supreme need is a changed man." The Church may be viewed as an organization, "but in the mind of Jesus Christ it is rather an influence . . . to help the world to rule itself in the spirit of Christ." But here "the problem of the divided Church" stands in the way; it is "at the heart of our perplexity." Of the differing methods proposed for its solution, Dean Hodges pronounces emphatically for that of the Congregational churches—the co-operative method. Some kind of co-operation is essential to the right performance of the Church's plainest tasks. "It is virtual reunion as far as it goes, . . . it is the beginning of the solution of the problem, . . . and it is possible to-morrow." He has held this view for many years.

Ragged Messenger (The). By W. B. Maxwell. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.35.

When "The Ragged Messenger" appeared, more than a decade ago, The Outlook spoke of it as "a novel of unusual force and interest." Rereading it as it is now republished, that statement still holds true. But now, as then, it is a novel of ragged execution, to take a liberty with its title. It is not well balanced; nor does it exhibit the power of characterization which Mr. Maxwell's later work has shown. "The Ragged Messenger," who is sometimes called "The Mad Messiah," half believes himself to be a reborn Christ; but, like many other extreme types which appear in the novels of some of the younger men, carried beyond the limits of art sometimes by the various social and industrial propaganda of the time, and sometimes by a decadent tendency of their own, "The Ragged Messenger" is a study in morbid psychology. The "Messenger" himself is an epileptic; and that fact strikes at the heart of the book as an achievement. It is the drama of a sick man; and it is not, therefore, a study of normal life and character. It is hardly a piece of fiction. It belongs, not in the general library, but in the alcove dedicated to medical works. Of course it does not lack power, because it was written by Mr. Maxwell, who is neither commonplace nor hackneyed; but it does lack maturity, sanity, and permanent interest.

Hand of Peril (The). By Arthur Stringer. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

This is an exciting series of stories of adventure and crime dealing with the operation of the United States Secret Service. The subject is one that has not been very extensively exploited by writers of plot stories, and Mr. Stringer deals with it in an original way and with dramatic effect.

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BY THE WAY

From Seward, Alaska, comes the report that the first spike on the new Government railway was driven on April 29 by Martha White, who was the first white child born in that region. The White family, it may be remarked, were also pioneers in this latter respect in New England, Peregrine White having been the first white child born there.

An efficient railway agent at Silvis, Illinois, decided that he ought to save the loose grain scattered on the floors of the empty cars that came to the station for reloading. He built a rat-proof grain-bin and had the sweepings of the empty cars put into this and then sold them for chicken feed. In four months the receipts from this source brought into the company's treasury the sum of $267.55!

One is prepared for almost anything in these times of storm and stress, but the newspaper headline "Westminster Abbey Fails" certainly is startling. Relief comes when the discovery is made that "Westminster Abbey" is the genuine name of an old-time dealer in nautical supplies on Front Street, New York City. Mr. Abbey's shop held everything from sailboats to sou'westers, but the decay of the sailing ship saw the passing of his prosperity, and his assignment became necessary.

Plans are under consideration for a great highway, to be known as the Dixie Highway, to run from a point on the Lincoln Highway, near Chicago, through the States of Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, and Florida to Miami, in the last-named State. A meeting to further the building of this road was held last month in Chattanooga, Tennessee, which was attended by the Governors of nearly all these States.

A contributor to "To-Day's" says that a tent in the back yard is a great joy to children and that it helps to keep house and yard looking neat, for the children can be expected and required to keep their playthings in the tent when they are told that it is their exclusive play-room and that they must confine any untidiness to that particular spot.

The steamer Gulflight, whose name some people have thought to be derived thus, Gull-flight, symbolizing the flight of a bird, is one of four ships built for the Gulf Refining Company of Pittsburgh. The sister ships' names obviously indicate that they come from the "Gulf," not the "gull." They are: Gulfstream, Gulfoil, and Gulfcoast.

In the recent "masters' tournament" of chess players in New York City, Capablanca, the Cuban champion, won. He lost but one game of the fourteen played. Marshall, the American player, was second, losing only two games. The tone-time leader of the chess-playing world, Lasker, secured only sixth place, winning 6½ games and losing 7½.

In 1914 there were published in America no less than 1,038 books on sociology and economics—this serious side of literature almost obtaining first place in the number of titles. Fiction, though still pre-eminent, held its rank by only the slim excess of eighteen titles.

The war has compelled the addition of a new department to the announcements in the London "Times." It follows "Births," "Marriages," "Deaths," and is entitled "Killed in Action." Pathetic phrases indicate the agony of grief that darkens many English homes to-day—"Near Ypres, our dearly loved only son," "At Hill No. 60, my most dearly loved and loving husband," "In Flanders, our loving youngest son," etc.

Side by side with the pathos of war in the "Times" are to be found some suggestions of comedy in its advertisements. A certain type of Englishman evidently believes that he can get anything he wants by advertising for it in the famous London newspaper. A "hard-pressed war worker" asks "some wealthy person" to give him £150; a "hard-worked officer would be very grateful for loan of a reliable motor car for use in England during the next two or three months;" a company asks "mothers, sisters, wives" to send it £3 5s. for a "protector screen" to be sent to the officers at the front; and "Wilhelm Bernardt von Goldstein hereby gives notice of his change of name to William Bernard Reid."

John Gardiner, of Norwalk, Ohio, who died recently, was the Nation's oldest banker, and probably held the world's record for continuous employment. He was born in 1815, in Connecticut, and when he was seventeen he got employment in a little bank that had been established in Norwalk, Ohio, to which State he had emigrated. For eighty-one years he was connected with this bank, being its president for over half a century.

The blame for the sinking of the steamship Empress of Ireland, resulting in the loss of about 1,000 lives—a disaster unparalleled except in the sinking of the Titanic and the destruction of the Lusitania—has been definitely placed on the Storstad by the Admiralty Court at Montreal. The decision asserts that the first officer of the Storstad caused the collision by altering the course of his vessel after it was shut out from the view of the Empress of Ireland by the fog.

By a curious slip of the editorial pen the story entitled "Natalka's Matrimonial Escapes" in the issue of The Outlook for May 5 was credited to Natalie R. Livesay instead of Florence R. Livesay.

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